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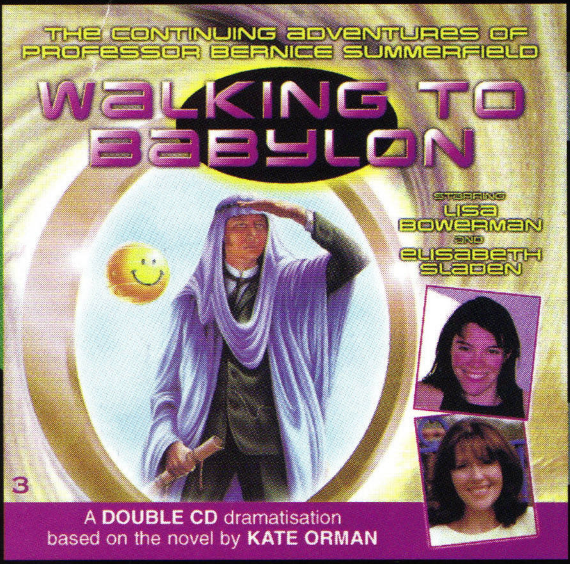
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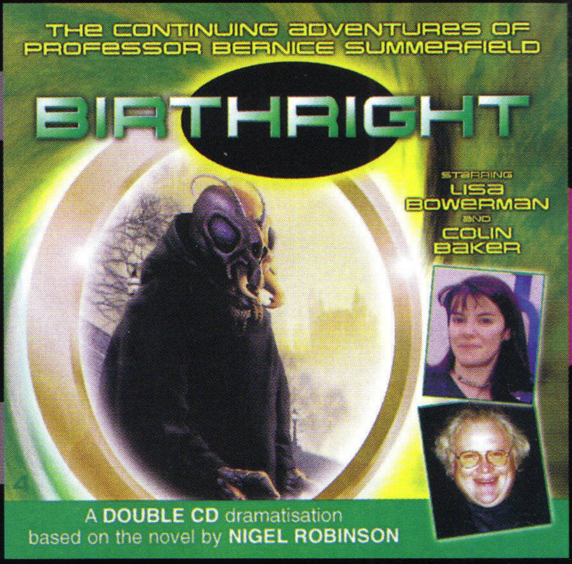
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You may very well be wondering why it's taken us so long to publish our feature on *The Curse of Fatal Death*, Comic Relief's all-star *Doctor Who* comedy adventure. After all, you're thinking, it was screened nearly two months ago, and shouldn't **DWM** be a little bit more on-the-ball than that?

There's a danger of any explanation sounding like so much whining self-justification, but it's worth offering as it illustrates two important issues we face when putting this magazine together. Most mundanely, there is the matter of our 'lead time' – that's the period of four weeks between our putting the pages together at the office and the finished magazine arriving in your newsagent or comic store. As one of *Fatal Death*'s strengths was the surprise inclusion of 'bonus' celebrity Doctors, the production team worked hard to ensure that no details regarding the appearances of Grant, Grant, Lumley and Broadbent leaked out. This meant that no photographs of the cast could be made available until after transmission. Sadly, we had to finish the last issue on the sketch's day of broadcast!

'Surprises' are always of concern here at **DWM**. In the weeks before Comic Relief, many rumours were circulating regarding possible celebrity cameos in *Fatal Death*. We could, if we'd wanted to show off, have run a full cast list in the edition of **DWM** published just prior to Comic Relief night. But why would we? In what way would that have enhanced anyone's enjoyment of the evening? What would have been the point in offering a mean-spirited, look-how-clever-we-are 'spoiler section'? Can anyone really resist reading that kind of thing?

I can still clearly recall the week of 'Should I or shouldn't I?' anguish I suffered in 1983 when Target Books published their novelisation of *The Five Doctors* in advance of the broadcast of the episode. Actually, 'week' is a lie – I gave in and read the book from cover to cover within hours of bringing it home. Five days later, the TV version didn't have a hope of living up to the images the book conjured up (in my head, William Hartnell put in a superb performance, Tegan wasn't nearly so annoying and Peter Moffat wasn't in charge of the cameras) so I experienced 90 very disappointing minutes of viewing that November evening. With that memory in mind, there was no way I was going to spoil anyone's Comic Relief.

That said, we still have to apologise to overseas readers, who may not get to see *Fatal Death* for some time – but at least we don't list *all* the best jokes. For the rest of you, I'm still sorry if the feature seems late, but perhaps you can be consoled by the fact that through our respect of Comic Relief's secrets and suprises, they offered us exclusive set access and photos.

And if you enjoy our feature, you can then call 0345 460 460 and donate!

Gary

Editors **Gary Gillatt**
Alan Barnes
Design **Peri Godbold**

Thanks to **John Atkin**, **Richard Bignell**, **Vanessa Bishop**, **Stephen Cole**, **Richard Curtis**, **Kevin Davies**, **Dennis Greenaway**, **Steven Moffat**, **Mark Palmer**, **Jonathan Pryce**, **Jac Rayner**, **Anthony Read**, **Adrian Rigelsford**, **Gary Russell**, **Julia Sawalha**, **Sue Vertue**, **BBC Books**, **BBC Video** and **Big Finish**.
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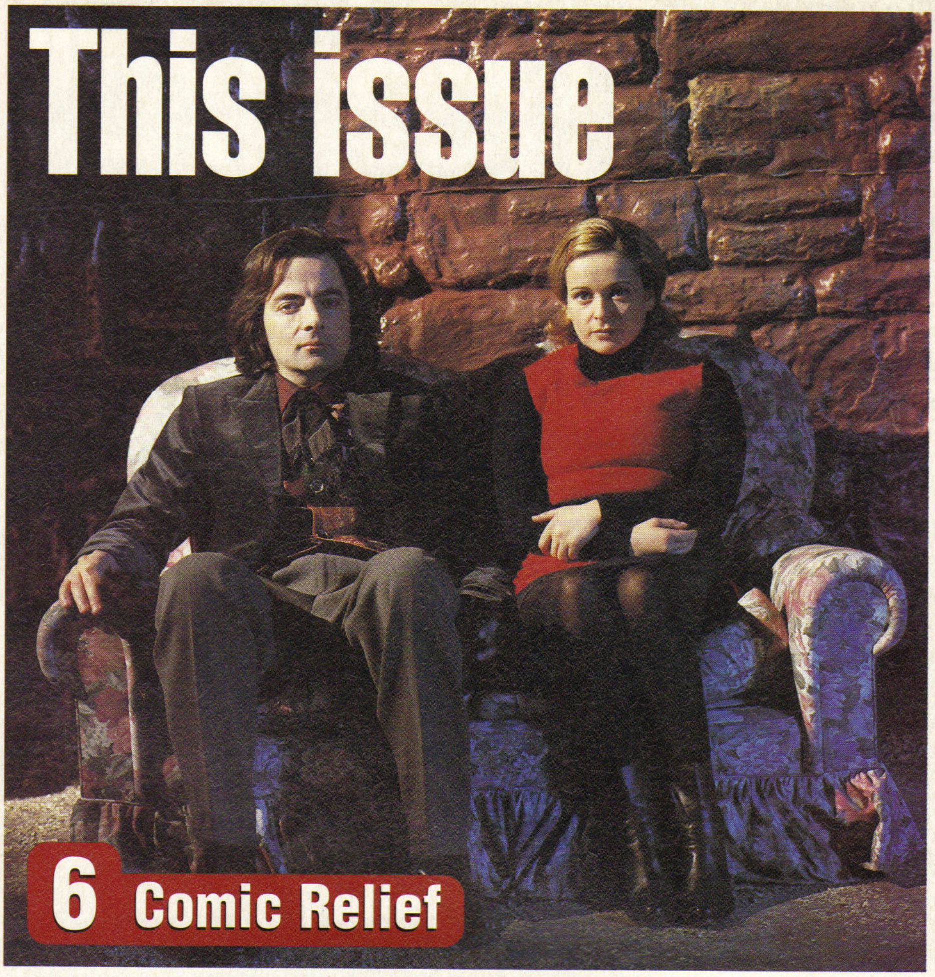

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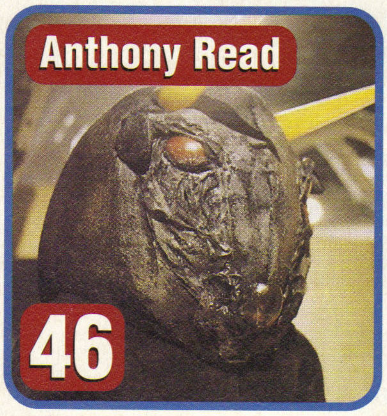

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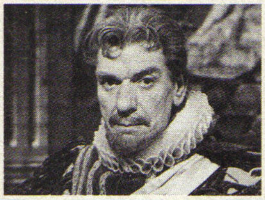
Gallifrey Guardian

Obituary: John Wiles

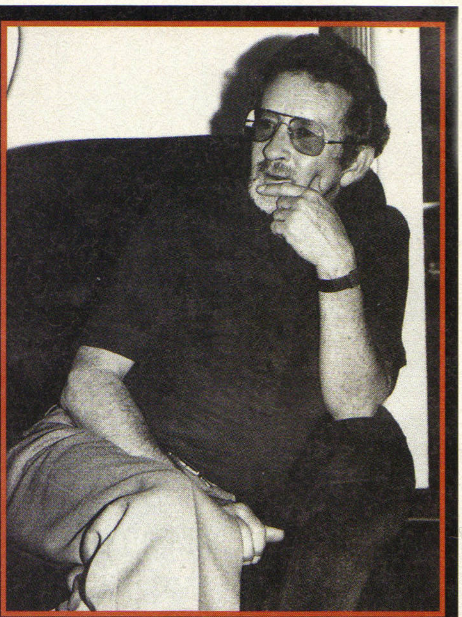
Following a period of illness, John Wiles, *Doctor Who*'s second producer, died on Monday 5 April. Taking the chair in mid-1965, Wiles' efforts to steer the show into more serious, adult territory resulted in tales such as the literate *The Massacre of St Bartholomew's Eve*, the bizarre *The Celestial Toymaker* and the high science fiction of *The Ark*.



Having both written and directed for the theatre, the South African-born Wiles had emigrated to England in 1949. His co-authored script *The Dancing Bear* was commissioned by the BBC in 1954, whereupon he took up a position with the Corporation's Script Unit. Although continuing to work on a number of other projects, Wiles would soon become a story editor on the soap opera *Compact*, moving to the fledgling BBC2 channel to work on thriller serials. His career took a turn when, despite Wiles' own misgivings, BBC Head of Serials Donald Wilson made him a producer – and, initially reluctantly, he accepted the top job on *Doctor Who*, trailing outgoing producer Verity Lambert through her final few months on the programme. Uncredited until *The Myth Makers*, Wiles was effectively the show's producer from *Galaxy 4 on*.

Wiles would immediately strike up a hugely productive working relationship with script editor Donald Tosh, also newly-promoted to the show; having observed its high proportion of adult viewers, the two shared a desire to move the series away from the realms of 'childish' science fantasy and into new, less predictable territory. However, despite commissioning a variety of ambitious new tales, the new production team were committed to making the vast, 12-part epic *The Daleks' Master Plan*.

This monumental effort, coupled with Wiles' often turbulent relationship with star William Hartnell, would eventually lead to Wiles' resignation early in 1966 – "simply because I was heading very rapidly for a nervous breakdown," as he put it to **DWM** in 1983. *The Ark*, developed from Wiles' own idea to set a story aboard a spacecraft as large as South London, would be his last credited serial; other of Wiles' and Tosh's impressive concepts, such as a story in which the Doctor would encounter a being who claimed to be God, would go unmade. Wiles soon returned to his first loves, writing and directing, working on shows such as *The Newcomers*, *Francis Durbridge Presents*, SF/horror anthology *Out of the Unknown*, *Paul Temple* and *Warship*.



A full tribute to John Wiles will appear in the next issue of **DWM**.

Collector's Heaven

DWM's monthly guide to upcoming Doctor Who merchandise

10 May

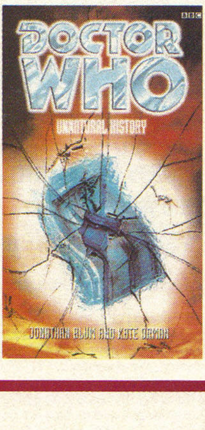
Novel ***Doctor Who: Dominion*** by Nick Walters [Eighth Doctor] *BBC Books* £4.99

24 May

Novel ***Doctor Who: Millennium Shock*** by Justin Richards [Fourth Doctor & Harry] *BBC Books* £4.99

7 June

Video boxed set ***Doctor Who: The Crusade*** [1 & 3 only, plus CD of 2 & 4] ***& The Space Museum*** [First Doctor, Ian, Barbara & Vicki] *BBC Video* £tba



Novel ***Doctor Who: Unnatural History*** by Jonathan Blum & Kate Orman [Eighth Doctor] *BBC Books* £4.99

Novel ***Doctor Who: Storm Harvest*** by Robert Perry & Mike Tucker [Seventh Doctor & Ace] *BBC Books* £4.99

14 June

Audio drama ***Doctor Who: The Sirens of Time*** by Nicholas Briggs [Fifth, Sixth & Seventh Doctors] double CD/cassette *Big Finish* £13.99

5 July

Video ***Doctor Who: Terror of the Zygons*** [unedited] [Fourth Doctor, Sarah & Harry] *BBC Video* £9.99

Novel ***Doctor Who: Autumn Mist*** by David A McIntee [Eighth Doctor] *BBC Books* £4.99

Novel ***Doctor Who: Divided Loyalties*** by Gary Russell [Fifth Doctor, Adric, Nyssa, Tegan & the Toymaker] *BBC Books* £4.99

2 August

Novel ***Doctor Who: Interference 1*** by Lawrence Miles [Eighth Doctor] *BBC Books* £4.99

Novel ***Doctor Who: Interference 2*** by Lawrence Miles [Third Doctor & Sarah] *BBC Books* £4.99

Audio ***Doctor Who: The Massacre of St Bartholomew's Eve*** [First Doctor, Steven & Dodo] double CD/cassette *BBC Radio Collection* £tbc

16 August

Audio drama ***Doctor Who: Phantasmagoria*** by Mark Gatiss [Fifth Doctor] double CD/cassette *Big Finish* £13.99

6 September

Video ***Doctor Who: The Greatest Show in the Galaxy*** [Seventh Doctor & Ace] *BBC Video* £11.99

Novel ***Doctor Who: The Blue Angel*** by Paul Magrs & Jeremy Hoad [Eighth Doctor] *BBC Books* £4.99

Novel ***Doctor Who: City at World's End*** by Christopher Bulis [First Doctor, Susan, Ian & Barbara] *BBC Books* £4.99

4 October

Novel ***Doctor Who: The Taking of Planet Five*** by Simon Bucher-Jones & Mark Clapham [Eighth Doctor] *BBC Books* £4.99

Novel ***Doctor Who: The Final Sanction*** by Steve Lyons [Second Doctor, Jamie & Zoe] *BBC Books* £4.99

18 October

Audio drama ***Doctor Who: The Sound of Fear*** by Justin Richards [Sixth Doctor] double CD/cassette *Big Finish* £13.99

1 November

Video boxed set ***Doctor Who: The Beginning*** [pilot episode, *100,000 BC*, *The Daleks* & *Inside the Spaceship* + keyring & postcards] [First Doctor, Susan, Ian & Barbara] *BBC Video* £tba

Novel ***Doctor Who: Corpse Marker*** by Chris Boucher [Fourth Doctor & Leela] *BBC Books* £4.99

3 January 2000

Novel ***Doctor Who: The Storming of Avalon*** by Paul Cornell [Eighth Doctor] *BBC Books* £4.99

7 February

Novel ***Doctor Who: The Last of the Gadarene*** by Mark Gatiss [Third Doctor, Jo & UNIT] *BBC Books* £4.99

Outside the Spaceship

compiled by Dominic May

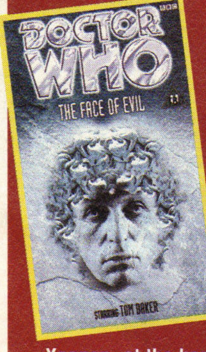
Television **Colin Baker** plays Fleming in a two-part drama based on Gerald Seymour's *The Waiting Game*, which was shot in the UK and Germany during April. While continuing work on *The Biggest Lizards in the World*, **Mark Strickson** started producing a rather less dangerous six-part series on castles from April.

Stage **Paul McGann** has made it clear he is unlikely to take part in further stage productions or audience-based television sitcoms due to an abnormal fear of appearing in front of a live audience – does this explain why he shuns convention appearances, too? He says: "I have never enjoyed theatre and I have a problem with live audiences. When I appeared at the Bush [in last year's *Sabina*], I also saw the audience piled on top of each other. They were suffering . . ."

Miscellaneous A man who had lived with two hearts for 11 years died in February, according to local newspaper the *Luton & Dunstable Herald & Post*. He'd had a revolutionary heart transplant operation in 1987, keeping his original while a new one gradually replaced its functions.

Obituaries **Leslie French** – who, in addition to playing the Mathematician in *Silver Nemesis* Part One, had been shortlisted for the part of the Doctor at the series' inception – died on 21 January aged 94. Accomplished fight director **Bryan Mosley** – who played Malpha in *The Daleks' Master Plan: The Abandoned Planet*, and, as **Buddy Windrush**, played both the Prop Man in *The Daleks' Master Plan: The Feast of Steven* and was a stunt pirate in *The Smugglers* – died on 9 February aged 67, having been best known as *Coronation Street*'s Alf Roberts.

Win a face!



BBC Video released the last of the highly-rated Hinchcliffe/Holmes serials on 3 May – so you can win one of ten copies of *The Face of Evil* in this issue's competition!

There's a barking mad computer, Xoanon, at the heart of this tale – and to win, all you need to do is be able to name at least one other completely insane *Doctor Who* computer . . .

Send your answer, along with your name and address, on the back of a postcard marked WHO AM I? to the editorial address on page 16 by 2 June. You can draw a picture of Calib in his loincloth on it too, if you like.

There are big changes coming next month to

DOCTOR WHO
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FREE CD!

We present a special behind-the-scenes look at the production of the new *Doctor Who* audio drama *The Sirens of Time*, featuring exclusive clips and inteviews with Peter Davison, Colin Baker and Sylvester McCoy!

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NEW REGULAR FEATURES!

Join The Time Team on their voyage of discovery through nearly four decades of *Doctor Who*! And what do you mean, you've never read . . . our new column investigating the minutiae, trivia and continuity of the Virgin and BBC *Doctor Who* novels?

AND THERE'S MORE!

As a generation of *Doctor Who* fans become movers and shakers in the TV industry, we ask them what the future holds for their own favourite programme! Enter the surreal world of Daphne Ashbrook when the amazing Grace goes *Out of the TARDIS*! Catch some of your favourite stars with their hackles up and their guard down as we reveal the best bloopers, blunders and behind-the-scenes upsets to be found on uncut *Doctor Who* studio footage liberated from the BBC!

DWM 279 **On sale 3 June**
Don't dare miss it!

"Can you still love me in my new body?"

Aiming to raise around £30 million for good causes across the world, Comic Relief delivers hope and happiness to many. This year's show offered an additional thrill for *Doctor Who* fans in the form of an all-new comedy adventure. Alan Barnes was invited to the recording . . .

Nestling somewhere in the wilds beyond Slough, Pinewood Studios does indeed back onto a pine wood – Black Park (*Full Circle*'s location, as any true fan knows). This Buckinghamshire Hollywood has been a cornerstone of the British film industry since time immemorial – most of the *Carry Ons* were shot here, for example – and today, Tuesday 23 February, it's hosting at least one major, major production. A sequence of jerry-built signposts direct me past the the grandly-titled 'Bond 19 Crowd Artistes Car Park' to within spitting distance of the vast, corrugated iron hangar that is the 007 Stage. Somewhere inside, a tuxedo-clad Pierce Brosnan, Walther PPK in hand, is saving the world yet again, pausing only for a Vodka Martini and a spot of how's-yer-father with some gorgeous Continental ladies. But, tempted as I am to make a doubtless doomed effort to smuggle myself past the frankly scary security people lurking nearby, ready to give all unauthorised intruders a good going-over, I'm not here to meet James Bond. I've got an appointment with another 20th century screen icon altogether . . .

It all gets very industrial past Pinewood's posh gatehouse; fork-lift trucks whizz at surprising speed out of every cluttered roadway, and I'm nearly run down twice before I find Stage G. There, I'm ushered through a low, dark corridor bathed in ominous red light and emerge, blinking, onto the chilly studio floor itself. Sue Vertue, the superhumanly sorted supervisor of the project I'm here to cover, raises a finger to her lips, motioning me to keep quiet; the red light meant that recording's in progress. I'm stood behind a set of high scenery flats; careful not to make a sound, I pick my way across the tagliatelle of cables on the ground and peek around the last of them.

I'm looking into a dank castle chamber. There's a very familiar blue box across to the left. And, not ten feet away, a phalanx of five Daleks, eyestalks swivelling sharply right.

Blimey. It's *Doctor Who*.

The Daleks are instructed to go for it again, and I watch on as they attempt to turn their domes in perfect unison one more time, then another. Bless. There's something vaguely comforting about the fact that, even though they've learned to navigate stairs, synchronised headpiece movements remain a challenge. Hovering a few feet behind the camera crew is their eternal nemesis, a wild-haired feller in a frock coat, cravat and waistcoat combo. "Doesn't he look brilliant?" enthuses Sue, pointing out the Time Lord usually known as Rowan Atkinson. "Like Oscar Wilde meets Boyzone!" (I've got a hideous mental image of what might have gone on if Wilde had ever *really* met Boyzone. Wisely, I keep it to myself . . .)

Today's the second of a three-day shoot for *Doctor Who and the Curse of the Fatal Death*, which has grown from being a vague notion for a two-minute sketch to a full, 20-minute all-star adventure spectacular sort of affair. The Doctor has been forced back into televisual service on behalf of the awesomely worthy biannual charity event Comic Relief, which has been funding projects both in the Third World and at home for some 13 years – and this new adventure is to form part of the night of the telethon itself. The A-list names involved in just this segment of the full extravaganza alone reflect the stature of Comic Relief – Jonathan Pryce as the evil Master, Julia Sawalha as the Doctor's companion, plus Richard E Grant, Jim Broadbent, Hugh Grant and Joanna Lumley succeeding Rowan as later incarnations of the Doctor.

At this stage, it all sounds to me like the *craziest thing ever* – but, standing beside Rowan is the story's executive producer, a very tall, gently greying chap who, I'm sure, is going to tell me what it's all about. His name is Richard Curtis and, in addition to a scriptwriting CV which reads like an encyclopaedia of British comedy hits over the last 20 years – *Not the Nine o'clock News*, the various *Blackadders*, *Four Weddings and a Funeral* among many, many others – it was he who, inspired by the success of the now-legendary Band Aid project, co-founded Comic Relief back in 1986. He suggests we park ourselves on an incongruous but inviting flowery settee stood at one side, which he ostentatiously nominates as 'the Sofa of Reasonable Comfort' (and no, I'm none the wiser until I see the finished programme three weeks later). It turns out that he's got no particular memories of the show other than a ten-years-younger brother who "used to call him 'Doctor Jew' – he couldn't say 'Doctor Who' – which I don't *think* was accurate . . ." So why, I ask him, have you picked on *Doctor Who* for the showpiece centre of the night?

"It is the *perfect* thing," he replies. "One, Comic Relief needs something that your famous people are going to want to do – and I know that Rowan, for instance, actually wanted to do *Doctor Who*. Two, it's episodic and exciting, therefore we can have a cliffhanger and two ten-minute halves. Three, its immensely trailable – Comic Relief is not only to entertain people once they're there, but to make them watch in the first place, because the more viewers there are, the more money they'll call in and the more change we'll make in the world. We once did a very good film of *Oliver Twist* [1995's magnificently-titled *Oliver 2: Let's Twist Again*], but no-one was going to switch on to see that particularly – if it was on in the evening they'd watch it, but I think we'll get lots of people switching on to see *Doctor Who*."

The astonishing cast list prompts me to wonder whether or not it's difficult to pull the celebs involved out of the woodwork. "They didn't take much pulling, actually," he says. Searching for a simile which will match the clumsy line I've given him, he continues: "Sometimes it's like pulling . . . *nails*, this time it was like pulling a carrot. From soft earth. It's fun, and they get to wear a jacket. Rowan was easy – I mean, he wanted to read the script, he doesn't do anything he doesn't like – but the idea, basically, intrigued him. Hugh Grant, who I also asked – we've done two films together and he trusts me. He thought it was a hoot, too. They were all very keen . . ."

Steven Moffat, it transpires, is the man basically to blame for the whole business. A self-confessed "seriously big fan" – "I buy the videos, I would buy the books if there weren't so bloody many of them" – he's a successful comedy and drama writer whose credits include the award-winning children's series *Press Gang*, plus *Joking Apart*, *Chalk* and episodes of *Murder Most Horrid*. He's also married to the aforementioned Sue, who produced the majority of the Mr Bean series (starring Rowan, some written by Richard), co-produces *The Vicar of Dibley* (written by Richard) . . . and is one of the team producing this year's Comic Relief. "She knows I'm a big *Doctor Who* fan," says Steven, "so she said, 'Well, you could come and do a *Doctor Who* thing.' Which I thought would be a two-minute sketch, but they all got very enthusiastic 'cos they realised that it still has quite a following, and it's a following that tends to spend quite a bit of money on it, so that's useful for Comic Relief. And it's got sufficient comedic overtones. It was known that Rowan was quite interested in playing it – I wouldn't overstress that, but he was quite interested in playing the part of the Doctor, so that was immediately an interesting thing 'cos they were looking for something for Rowan to do. So we did it. I didn't quite expect it to be the size of job it's become . . ."

We're in the castle hallway now, beside the rather knackered TARDIS prop which has been freshened up, pleasingly, with the blue lamp seen only in the latter stages of Season Seventeen. I'm delighted to note that the shields decorating the cobwebbed walls of Castle Terserus – its name an obscure *Deadly Assassin* reference which could only betray the influence of a devotee – are, in fact, drain covers sprayed silver. It must be a fan's dream, I say, to be walking around the set of the *Doctor Who* adventure you thought up yourself. Steven disagrees: "Worry descends as you walk onto the set. There's something of a kick when you see the whole set-up, but the reality is you're just worried then – that it'll be right, that it'll be funny, that people aren't snarling with horror at your script. The actual day of filming is just a day of stress – I've got at the back of my mind at the moment how we're going to rewrite the cliffhanger resolution so we can film it in time. There's always

"You had me teamed with Richard Griffiths? Oh *brilliant*! He'd have brought an edge to it. Ooh, I like that idea . . ." *Julia Sawalha*

> "Doctor Who is the perfect thing for Comic Relief because it's something your famous people are going to want to do"
>
> *Richard Curtis*

something, and because it's television you've got to finish it in a very short space of time. A familiar thing with *Doctor Who*, obviously! It's actually got the distinction of being the cheapest *Doctor Who* ever, 'cos no-one's been paid . . ."

Ah, but this isn't really *Doctor Who*, is it? It's just a parody, a spoof, I claim. "I'm not sure I would call this a parody or a spoof," he muses. "I would call this a '*Doctor Who* comedy' – taking things from *Doctor Who* and realising them comedically, like the comedic possibilities of time travel. There are a lot of time travel jokes in the first half. If you have two men who compete with each other, the Master and the Doctor, and they travel in time, there are things they can do – they stitch each other up by both bribing the castle architect so they can do all sorts of things with the castle . . .

"That's not a parody of *Doctor Who*, really. If you like – this is a stupid comparison, but I'll make it anyway – the Peter Cook version of *The Hound of the Baskervilles* is a Sherlock Holmes spoof, but the Billy Wilder *The Private Life of Sherlock Holmes* is a Sherlock Holmes comedy. It's completely unacceptable as a Sherlock Holmes story at a dozen points, but it remains vaguely within the rules of the genre. We don't break any rules, we don't have him [the Doctor] do something he can't normally do. So I wouldn't call it a parody. The first rule we made was, 'Absolutely no jokes about shaking sets or wobbly monsters or crap acting', or any of those things . . ."

He's getting into full flow as he describes how he came to choose *The Curse of Fatal Death*'s particular constituent parts. "The general image of the man in a frock coat in a metal corridor with his Police Box is all very memorable and bold, and that's what people remember as *Doctor Who* – a frock coat and a telephone kiosk. It's like James Bond is identified by a tuxedo and a Vodka Martini – these little visual motifs are terribly important, I think, in characters that survive that amount of time. I tried to stay with those elements of *Doctor Who* that have been preserved as popular myth, so I asked people what they knew about *Doctor Who*; I asked them what they remembered of the format, what it was about. So they remembered things like that he changed, that he fights the Daleks and the Master, that he's a Time Lord . . . they don't know that he's not human, that's quite rarely known. In fact, they argued the toss on human, because he appears to be human and he dresses human, so why should he not be human? They think, as Sue said, that he's been struck by a meteorite or something that enables him to change his body at will, which makes as much sense as the rather crap explanation they introduced into the show! So that's why we've got the Master and the Daleks – the classic line-up . . .

"I think the Master is *terrible*!" he continues, now chatting nineteen-to-the-dozen. "He doesn't notice that he always loses! He loses *catastrophically* on every single occasion that he meets the Doctor – and he's still saying, 'Ah, Doctor! You've foolishly got in the way of my fantastic plan!' and the Doctor's saying, 'Get off! Your plans are always crap! You couldn't even stop the Magna Carta from getting signed, what's your chance against the Daleks?' I mean, *come on*!"

Whatever Steven's thoughts on the

> **"We'll probably get lured to a Doctor Who convention and hanged for our many blasphemies!"**
>
> ***Steven Moffat***

Doctor's arch-enemy, he couldn't be more pleased by the choice of actor playing the latest incarnation: "Jonathan Pryce was our first choice and we happened to get him. We originally thought we weren't going to get him, so we went through lists of some other people and then it turned out he was available. He has the thing of being a hugely distinguished and brilliant actor, *and* he was a James Bond villain – so he brought his own costume! He *did*! He has the Nehru collar from *Tomorrow Never Dies* underneath all that, and he brought his beard from another film, which was delightful of him!

I've not yet seen this latest Master, but I'm suddenly abandoned while Steven rushes off to try and rejig the story's (at this point, single) cliffhanger – it's been decided that the original (companion Emma rushes through a doorway which leads to a sheer drop and falls . . . onto a bit of floor 12 inches below, ho ho) is going to take too long to do – so I mooch over to the Master's TARDIS set. (The console, incidentally, has been borrowed from the people behind the fan video *Devious*, as reviewed in **DWM** 275. And no, its, um . . . *enthusiastic* Time Rotor wasn't *meant* to be funny.) There's this old, bearded hippy with very long grey hair sat to one side on a plastic school chair, wearing faded blue jeans and reading the *Daily Mail*. I pay no attention to him whatsoever – until a make-up person walks over to him and starts massaging his scalp with what looks like a blend of Swarfega and parsley. It's not exactly Pantene Pro-V, I think, turning back to admire the Master's evil horned hatstand. It's round about then that I remember being told about the Master repeatedly falling into the Terserus sewers, and it taking him 312 years to climb out each time, getting progressively more and more raddled – and I realise that 'the old hippy' is actually one of the most respected character actors of his generation in wig and greasepaint. Oops.

"The most evil thing I do as the Master? What, you mean apart from killing the Doctor?" *Jonathan Pryce*

"Er . . . Mr Pryce?" I ask him, holding my hand out warily. Only a little bit starstruck, I point out that he's having disgusting stuff showered over his head – and he's not even getting paid. "Am I not?" he says, feigning bemusement. "Ah. Where did it go wrong?" So presumably, I continue, you must be very much into what Comic Relief are doing . . .

"I am, yes," he says, keenly. "I have to admit I'm not a, a – what do you call a *Doctor Who*-ite?" (We're just 'fans', I tell him.) "I'm not a fan, but it's something I know has always been there. I used to watch it Saturdays years and years ago, but I certainly hadn't kept up with it. And I had no mental image of what the Master looked like, so this is all new to me. I saw photographs of, um – he was probably the first one . . . Roger Delgado, that's right. And he had the small beard; did Masters who followed him?" (One did, one didn't, and one looked like a gangrenous egg.) "Well, I'm definitely in the mould of the original one, with the beard and dark hair – to start with, anyway . . ."

He's enjoying himself hugely – "Oh yeah," he says, beaming – but surely, I say, all this make-up must have taken forever. "We could have spent longer. If we were doing this on a movie, it'd look the same but you'd spend hours doing it. And because I have to go through very fast changes and the stuntman is wearing what I'm wearing to do the stunt work, it's all been happening very fast. But it's all my beautiful team of assistants, here." "All six of us," murmurs the make-up girl, tongue firmly in cheek.

Donning a huge, Abanazer-style cape, he's chivvied up to the scaffolding platform built to accommodate the 'trapdoor' section of the castle to go through his next scene, during which he manages to Spoonerise 'dung slugs' as 'slung dugs' – something everyone, myself included, finds unaccountably hilarious. (Richard Curtis tells me that Pryce had meant to pay an impromptu visit to the 007 stage just a few hundred yards away: "When he was 300 years old he was going to go and talk to the Bond people, and he wasn't going to tell them that he was in costume – so they'd all say, 'Oh God! Jonathan's not looking very well, is he?' He was just going to say, 'I've been *very* ill,' and see whether or not they believed him!")

My fan brain, however, is elsewhere. The last question I'd asked Jonathan – sorry, 'Mr Pryce', he's *far* too famous – was a jovial, "So, what's the most evil thing you could do as the Master?" To which he'd answered: "You mean apart from killing the Doctor? Um – steal the Doctor's new wife, I think . . ."

What is this heresy? I resolve to go and badger Steven for more. I find him on the Dalek spaceship set, and I'm instantly distracted. The set is a groovy retro sixties nightmare, all lava lamps and flickering ammeters. Not one single part of it could possibly be manipulated by a Dalek; it's even got *chairs*. "Because this isn't a 'real' new episode of *Doctor Who*, kind of a comedic re-creation of it, we wanted it to *look* like *Doctor Who*," explains Steven. "I've always thought that even if you did do *Doctor Who* as a serious enterprise you should try to do a sort of retro thing – the future as imagined from 1963. Because that's what's going to be anyway – nothing looks so eighties as *Star Trek: The Next Generation*, nothing looks so sixties as the original *Star Trek*. No matter how hard you try, you're going to look like your own era, so you might as well try to look like a different one – you might as well pay homage to the era from which the show was born. It's as good a guess about the future as anything else!"

Companion Emma's costume is a case in point, I observe, as Julia Sawalha – star of *Press Gang*, *Absolutely Fabulous*, *Pride and Prejudice*

and, oh, tons more – sidles into one of the spaceship seats, her scene over. I nudge Steven for an introduction. For some reason, I'm half-expecting her to be a bit scary, like *Press Gang*'s demagogic *Junior Gazette* editor Lynda Day, but she's a *dream* – two-thirds Hayley Mills with the guffaw of Sid James.

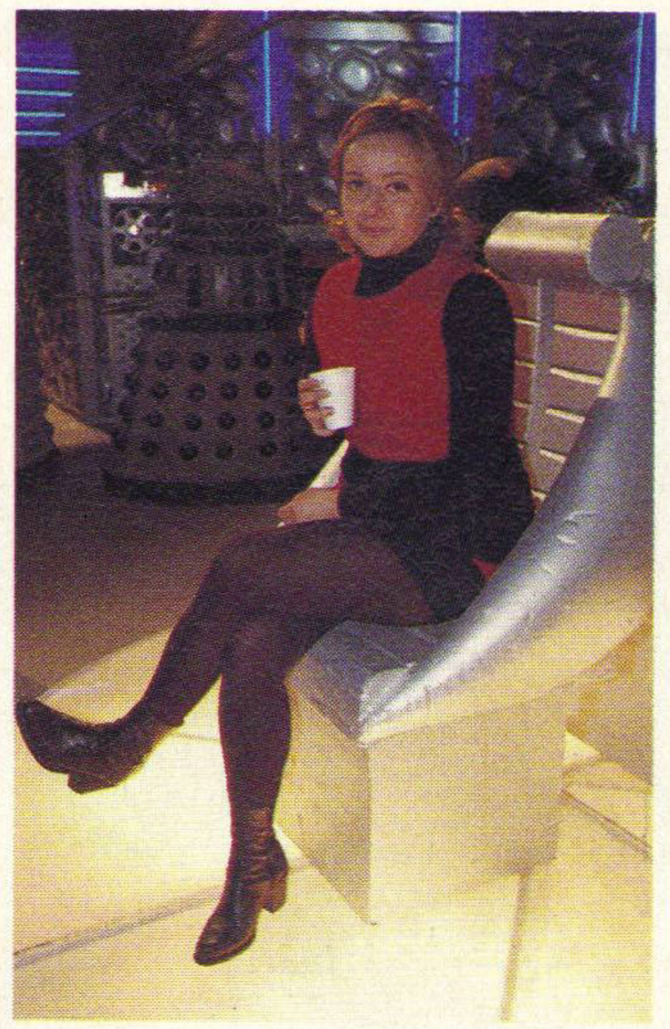
Fab gear, I remark. "Yeah, I know," she laughs. "I don't think it was meant to be – it just happened like that. You should have seen me yesterday – I had white plastic boots on, and I thought, 'That's just going *too* far . . .'" Emma's not a modern girl, then? "Yes, she is. My advice from the director was to play her sort of Cheltenham virgin-style. She's modern, but she's in the past. She's a little bit of everything."

Given the *Press Gang* connection, I presume that Steven is responsible for her casting? "Yes, he is," she smiles. "I was asked about two weeks ago by my agent if I'd do something for Comic Relief and I said 'yes' immediately, but it came as a great shock to me that it was actually something that Steven had written . . . I'd do anything for Comic Relief anyway, so it was really exciting to be able to do this. I thought it would just be a little sketch, not three days' worth of filming the actual programme! . . . You just hope it does something, hope it helps raise some money. Apparently the bidding goes up a lot more on the night when they put the comedies on, so we'd better make sure we're damn funny! It'll be most distressing if those numbers don't start moving . . . I think it should raise quite a lot. It's being very professionally filmed as well – it's not just 'slap it in, slap it out', you know . . ."

She was never a great fan of the programme, however: "I could never really see the point of it, 'cos I'm not a sci-fi type of person. I don't really understand the realms of that kind of thing. I tuned in every now and again. My sister [Nadia, *EastEnders*' Annie Palmer] used to love it, and I think she used to love the fact that I was terrified by it. I was definitely a bit of a hiding-behind-the-sofa job . . ."

I can contain myself no longer, bringing up the subject of the Doctor's Wife. It's you, isn't it? "I'm not saying, am I?" she cackles. "Maybe. There's a 'maybe' element. I think [Rowan's Doctor] looks incredibly sexy, actually . . ." She's surprised to learn the Doctor doesn't do anything unseemly with his companions: "Had they never snogged? Oh *really*?" she breathes, pruriently fascinated. "It was kind of an unsaid thing, was it? Is he sort of asexual? Well he's too busy saving the universe, isn't he?" I change tack, asking about the fact that – at last! – one of the Doctors is due to be played by her *Ab Fab* co-star Joanna Lumley. "I'm looking forward to working with her. She's coming in tomorrow, I think. I haven't seen her for a few months – not since Jennifer [Saunders] had a party, actually." I wouldn't know, I say. "No, you wouldn't," she says breezily. "It was a social . . . event." Then laughs *hugely*.

I've got a surprise for Julia, however. Long-term readers will know that she's been the Doctor's companion before – something of which she herself is utterly unaware. Back in **DWM** 255, as part of a feature which proposed a possible post-*Survival* future for the series, Julia was 'cast' opposite a Doctor played by *Pie in the Sky*'s Richard Griffiths. She seems dead chuffed: "Oh really? Oh *brilliant*! 'Cos I love him – I think he's *fantastic*. He would definitely have brought an edge to it, wouldn't he?" You'd have played a posh safe cracker, I tell her: "That's quite cool. Ooh, I like that idea . . ."



The whole was, of course, based on the fact that Steven told us long ago that she had once been up for the part of Ace, but had turned it down on the grounds that the companion's role was a, quote, "actress graveyard". She's appalled by Steven's choice of words: "He's *terrible*! When I was working with Steven a few years ago, I was asked to go up for an audition for *Doctor Who*, for the last companion. And I turned it down. I didn't want to go for it, 'cos I was pursuing different things and I didn't fancy it at the time. And it depends who else was cast in it – I mean if Richard Griffiths or someone like that was in the cast I'd definitely consider it. But I wouldn't consider it an 'actress graveyard' – that's a very rude thing of Steven to say. But he's like that. He's Scottish." That's hardly his fault, I say. "No, I know. Poor thing." She erupts into laughter again . . .

"Has the Doctor never snogged? *Really*? Is he asexual? Well, he's too busy saving the universe, isn't he?" *Julia Sawalha*

Back on the floor, Rowan is shooting the to-camera appeal for donations which will be screened immediately after the *The Curse of Fatal Death* has aired. He is, it must be said, a revelation – utterly humane, utterly gentle, utterly right – and the respect he inspires in those around him is clear to see. Famously, he's an intensely private individual, and seeing as he's the focus of pretty much everything being shot today, it's plain that I'm unlikely to get to speak to him. (The same goes for already-hassled-enough director John Henderson, who last worked with Sue on Channel 5's opening-night comedy *Hospital!* – made, like Mr Bean, *The Thin Blue Line*, *The Vicar of Dibley* and loads more by Tiger Aspect, a production company of which Rowan is a director.)

It's hugely tempting to wonder – as many have done since – whether or not Rowan is actually the perfect choice for a *bona fide* Ninth Doctor in some future form. Everyone I ask is pretty guarded. Richard is not very forthcoming: "Rowan will make a judgement once he's played the Doctor once whether he wants to play him in some film – we're always looking for things to write films about – but I feel this is just a one-night-stand between me and the Doctor at the moment. But who knows what might happen?"

All this is pretty inspirational stuff. Could it be that the making of *The Curse of Fatal Death* marks a turning point in the story of *Doctor Who*? Steven: "I think Sue once asked what's happening with it and why isn't it being made, especially as it's probably now possible to make it relatively cheaply and not look like rubbish. There is no resistance to it – I think the fan notion that there is a thing called the BBC which is inimical to *Doctor Who* is . . . well, for a start, there's no such place as the BBC, just an awful lot of people, many of whom are rabid *Doctor Who* fans. It's just, 'How can we make a version of *Doctor Who* which lots of people will watch, that doesn't cost an awful lot of money?'

"And I while I would love to be involved in such a project, I think you probably need people who are not fans because, especially when you analyse what people remember of *Doctor Who*, you

"Any team that takes over Doctor Who should be left to do their own version" *Steven Moffat*

“People always remember the Doctor’s frock coat and telephone kiosk. These visual motifs are very important in characters that survive that length of time” *Steven Moffat*

realise that so much crap has got stuck to it over the years . . . Just getting back to being a traveller from outer space who for some reason wears a frock coat and may or may not be human. It’s a great television myth that should be continued – it’s like doing Robin Hood or the knights of King Arthur in television terms. But I think non-fans should make an awful lot of the artistic decisions about it. And dispose of the notion of ‘canon’ once and for all, I suspect, because every creative team which takes over should be left to do their version.”

I suggest that *this* version – Ninth Doctor, companion and fiancée, multiple regenerations, Time Lord sex-swaps, fart gags – might, were it not for its charitable status, be considered completely outrageous. You’re getting away with murder, I say. Steven grins. “Who says we’ll get away with it? We’ll probably get lynched – I’ll be lured to a *Doctor Who* convention and hanged for many, many blasphemies! But for the sake of your readers, even the *Vicar of Dibley* that’s being done especially for Comic Relief is not regarded as part of the ongoing story – it’s regarded as a sidestep from it, so I imagine *Doctor Who* would be regarded in the same light.”

I’m not actually supposed to be around for what happens next. The identities of the actors playing Rowan’s follow-on regenerations have been the most closely-guarded, hush-hush secret – no-one wants any surprises to be spoiled on the night. But the atmosphere in studio has quite suddenly, palpably changed; all heads turn in the direction of the rear stage entrance, where an imposing, charismatic, “lick-the-mirror-handsome” capital-S Star has appeared, as if from nowhere. Steven turns to me and hisses: “You didn’t see that, alright?”

Ladies and gentlemen, Richard E Grant has entered the building.

It’s now Thursday 25 March. Comic Relief night 1999 has been and gone, raising £17,184,937 on the evening of 12 March alone – which, it’s hoped, will rise to over £30 million in the final tally. That’s an awful lot of money, but as nothing compared to, say, the £4.8 billion it would cost to ensure that everyone in the world had access to clean water and adequate sanitation. Meanwhile, £6.5 billion is spent in Europe every year . . . on ice-cream.

And *The Curse of Fatal Death* was, of course, marvellous, from Rowan’s Doctor’s greeting the Daleks with the now-immortal “How are things?” to the Master’s “etheric beam locators” to Joanna Lumley’s filthy gag about the sonic screwdriver, which we daren’t expand upon in a family magazine. For fans, best of all was the extraordinary moment where Julia Sawalha delivered a blatant eulogy to the enduring . . . well, I can’t quite bring myself to write ‘the magic of *Doctor Who*’ without irony, but you got the idea. As, I know, did all the 8.7 million watching at that point. No, *The Curse* wasn’t ‘real’ *Doctor Who*, but it’s done our hero’s cause nothing but good, both inside and outside the BBC. It’s given the faithful more than a meagre parody ever could – hope.

So that’s what it did for you. Yes, both *Doctor Who* and this 20-minute burlesque are unimaginably trivial in comparison, but in a funny sort of way that’s exactly what Comic Relief is all about – not a prescription for a perfect future, but sending out a little bit of practical hope to an awful lot of people who’d otherwise be without it. In Rwanda, Addis Ababa, Ethiopia, the Sudan – and Southend, Blackpool, Moss Side too. Yes, you phoned in a donation on the night, and yes, it will be greatly appreciated, but there’s just a little bit more you can do yet. Later in the year, there’ll be a *Curse of Fatal Death* video release with a hilarious behind-the-scenes documentary, plus loads of other corking stuff, attached – which all of you, I know, will purchase to replace your stolen off-air VHS copy. And next issue, we’ll have details of how you can get your hands on many of the props and costumes seen in these four episodes – all of you will have an equal chance, and all we ask is your unqualified support . . .

As Richard Curtis puts it: “*Doctor Who* saved the world on many occasions, and if anyone who buys the magazine sends money to Comic Relief, or buys our video, they can help change, if not save, the world – but they’ll definitely be saving some people’s lives. So let’s hope, as always, good will come out of the activities of *Doctor Who*.” DWM

Reality check

Chances are, like us at **DWM**, *you watched* Doctor Who and the Curse of Fatal Death *– not to mention the other six-and-a-half hours of top comedy high-jinks screened on Comic Relief night – on a nice big colour telly, with several bottles of Frascati to hand and a great big home-delivery Super Supreme pizza warming your knees. Great, wasn’t it? Here are just five things worth thinking about before you file away the bootleg video you made . . .*

- In 13 years of fundraising and grant-making, Comic Relief has raised a staggering £139 million. Two-thirds of the money raised goes to projects in Africa, and a third to projects in the UK
- For the price of this month’s *Doctor Who* video release, *The Face of Evil*, Comic Relief could buy a goat to provide milk for a whole family in Uganda – and have change left over to buy a hoe, which would enable an African family to cultivate their crops. Alternatively, Comic Relief could give a loan to buy three months’ supply of yarn, thread, buttons and other materials so that disabled women, who are amongst the most disadvantaged in African society, can make and sell jumpers
- For the price of this month’s two *Doctor Who* novels, *Dominion* and *Millennium Shock*, Comic Relief could buy evening meals and breakfast for three young homeless people staying overnight in a shelter in the UK. The cover price of just one of these would buy all the seeds a family in Ethiopia needs to grow food for six months
- For the price of the copy of **DWM** you’re holding right now, Comic Relief could buy a special chair for a child in Africa with spinal problems. Or alternatively, give 15 street children in Addis Ababa a safe place to sleep for the night, including rent, utilities and a breakfast of ‘kollo’ – a handful of toasted wheatbarley and chick peas
- For the price of a one-year subscription to **DWM**, Comic Relief could pay for three street children in Africa to attend school for that same year – that includes the registration fee, uniform, pens and exercise books

You can make a donation to Comic Relief by credit card in £ sterling, Irish punts, Australian dollars, American dollars, Canadian dollars, and Euros at: **http://www.rednoseday.beeb.com**, *or phone the Comic Relief donation line on* **0345 460 460**

Find out more about Comic Relief at: **http://www.comicrelief.org.uk**

Timelines

compiled by **Alan Barnes**

Send your letters to Timelines, DWM, Marvel Comics, Panini House, Coach and Horses Passage, The Pantiles, Tunbridge Wells, Kent TN2 5UJ, or e-mail us at doctorwho@marmags.demon.co.uk – marking your letter 'Timelines' in the subject line, and don't forget to include your full name. No subscription or other general enquiries by e-mail, please.

LOOK (STOP ME IF YOU'VE HEARD THIS ONE BEFORE) BUT THERE WERE THESE FIVE DOCTORS . . .

Only one subject in this month's postbag/'new mail' folder: Doctor Who and the Curse of Fatal Death. *And you were mad for it. Well, 99% of you, anyway . . .*

It was amusing, it was imaginative, the sets were great, the cast were wonderful, and it wasn't set on bloody Earth! The in-jokes were unobtrusive, there was no angst, no sixth-form attempts at psychoanalysis and no reliance on continuity. In short, it was the best piece of *Doctor Who* for well over a decade!

Paul Beardsley
via e-mail

Rowan Atkinson would be the perfect choice to take the programme into the new millennium. Not since Tom Baker have I ever seen anyone step so comfortably into the role. Such confidence. Such presence. Julia Sawalha proved what an absolutely fabulous companion she would make, while Jonathan Pryce's Master was Roger Delgado reincarnated. Out of the other Doctors, I got a real buzz out of seeing Jim Broadbent stumbling around the Dalek control room. The effects used in the story, in particular the Dalek extermination rays, were superb. It proved quite conclusively that you don't need flashy TARDIS effects or neo-Gothic console rooms to make good *Doctor Who*.

Philip Segal, you had *no* idea.

Adrian Townsend
Retford, Notts

I'm sorry, but Richard E Grant *is* the Doctor! Undeniably, indisputably and irrefutably! We want him back . . . now!

Christian Jull
via e-mail

Richard E Grant *must* play the next Doctor. In fact, wouldn't it be great to do a *Two Doctors*-style story with both Paul McGann and Richard E Grant? Instead of gorging themselves in a Spanish restaurant *à la* the Second Doctor and Shockeye, they could get pissed, find a quaint English tea shop and order the finest wines known to man . . .

Michael Bailey
via e-mail

Forget questions of canonicity, this was just a great celebration of everything exciting, funny, romantic and downright silly from *Doctor Who*. And what a great audition piece for all those actors! If he toned down the performance a few hundred degrees, wouldn't Jonathan Pryce make a great Master? The resemblance to Roger Delgado was eerie. Julia Sawalha was an effective companion and we got to see not just one, but five potential Doctors. Rowan Atkinson was great with the sarcasm and pseudo-scientific dialogue, Richard E Grant was dashing, Jim Broadbent was fantastic with the Troughtonesque comedy, Hugh Grant seemed really vulnerable but self-sacrificing and Joanna Lumley (it's sacrilege to say it, I know) was terrifically pompous and in control.

So come on, BBC! If you can produce that for a charity sketch, think what you could do with a talented creative team, cast and reasonable budget . . .

Andrew McAleer
Morden, Surrey

. . . Not only did it show us once and for all what the abysmal *Dimensions in Time* could and should have been, it presented a great candidate for the Ninth Doctor in any 'serious' productions. Steven Moffat had obviously done some research on the show. His coupling of "etheric beam locators" and "ion charged emissions" shows that he is familiar with *Genesis of the Daleks* at least, and some of the dialogue in the dying moments of Hugh Grant's Doctor would be perfectly suitable for the pre-regeneration scene of any 'canonical' Doctor . . .

I just hope the BBC don't use the high Doctor count in Part Four as an excuse to say, 'Well, we've used up all the Doctors remaining regenerations so we can't possibly allow any further production of *Doctor Who*.' They'd never be that sneaky, would they. Would they?

Christian Swain
via e-mail

Am I being paranoid or did we all witness the end of *Doctor Who* as a TV series during this year's Comic Relief skit?

Amongst all the forced jocularity I detected rather too many continuity references for my liking – ie, the fact that Rowan Atkinson was playing the Ninth Doctor and the (mistaken) concept that the Doctor's 12th persona would be his last (rather than the more accurate 12th *regeneration*). Note also Richard E Grant's line, "I might as well end my career . . ."

By using up the Doctor's remaining lives in a semi-canonical programme like this seems to me a convenient way for the BBC to close the door on the possibility of any new TV programmes. If this is the case, I find it outrageous. If the BBC were a commercial TV station they wouldn't dare discard such a potential money-spinner as *Doctor Who*. Yet, because they receive the licence fee, they obviously feel they can do so. Such arrogance.

To be honest, I hope I'm wrong. But if I'm not, I'm sure I won't be the only person to feel a surprising sense of loss at the thought that the adventures of a character I've loved for the best part of 30 years are finally over.

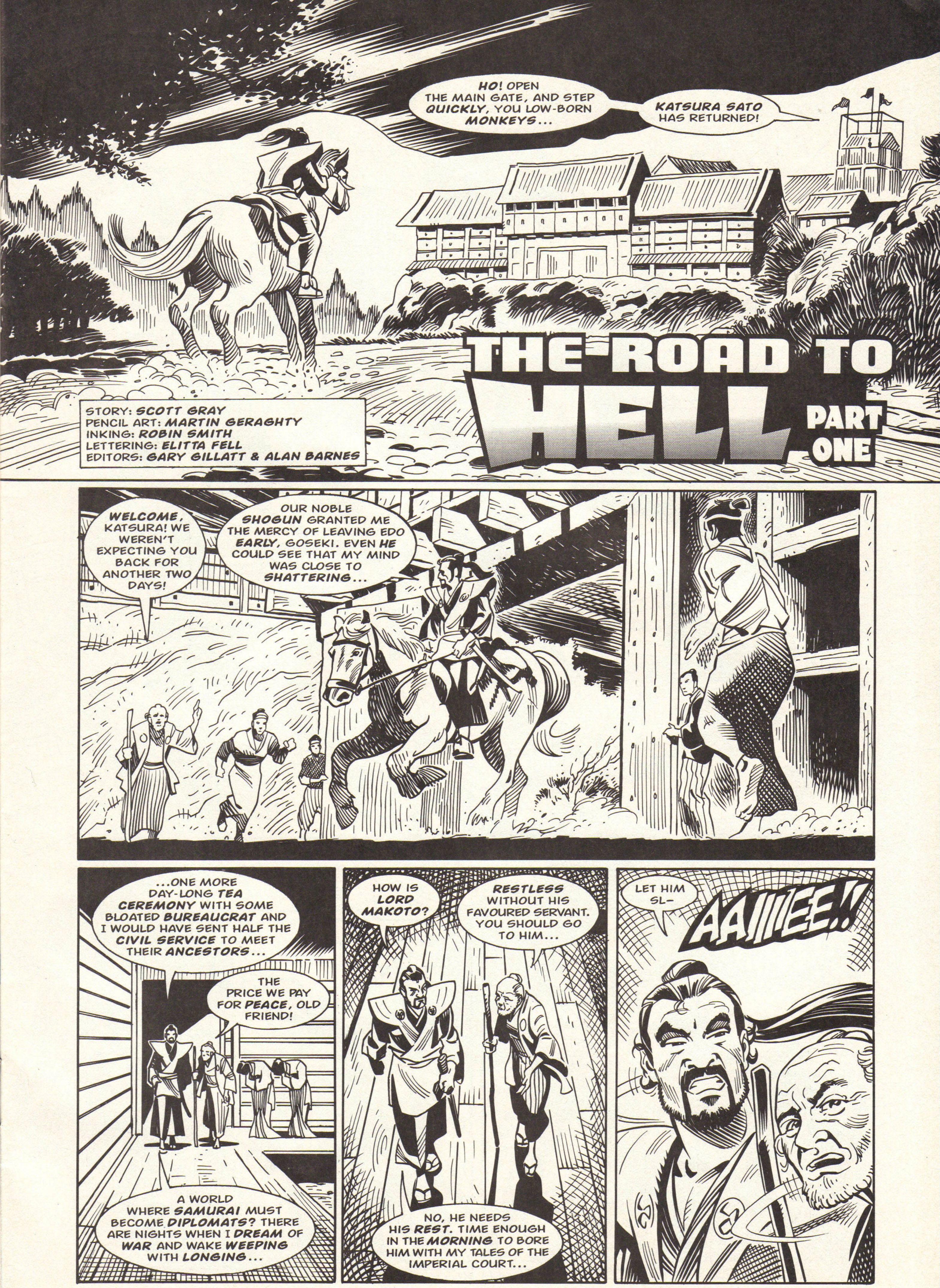
Kev Bailey
Denbighshire

I'm aghast at the hostile reaction that the recent Comic Relief spoof has had from certain quarters. The way some people are going on makes me embarrassed to consider myself a fan of the series it mocked. I felt Steven Moffat's script perfectly captured the essence of the series. It *is* funny at heart and we shouldn't be ashamed of this – it's what makes the original show so enjoyable, that it doesn't take itself as seriously as *Star Trek* or *Blake's 7* and isn't afraid to have fun with the basic concept (*The Romans*, *The Three Doctors* and *The Invasion of Time* immediately come to mind).

I don't object to the way certain fans have been so vocal in their dislike for the spoof. Indeed, it's their right to say if they didn't enjoy it. What I am appalled by is their outrage that the thing should have been mounted in the first place. Let's get this into perspective: the Comic Relief sketch was not made to appease us, the enthusiastic fans awaiting *Doctor Who*'s return, it was made to encourage the general public into parting with their money to help save lives and improve the quality of existence for people in the UK and Africa. To think otherwise displays a serious lack of understanding of the format and aims of Comic Relief, and a horrific amount of selfishness.

I've heard many enthusiastic responses from both fans and 'normal' people alike, and would like to congratulate Steven Moffat and the Comic Relief team for making such an entertaining segment with no budget and little rehearsal time. To have captured the spirit of the series so well and still made it accessible for non-fans was no mean feat.

Jim Sangster
via e-mail

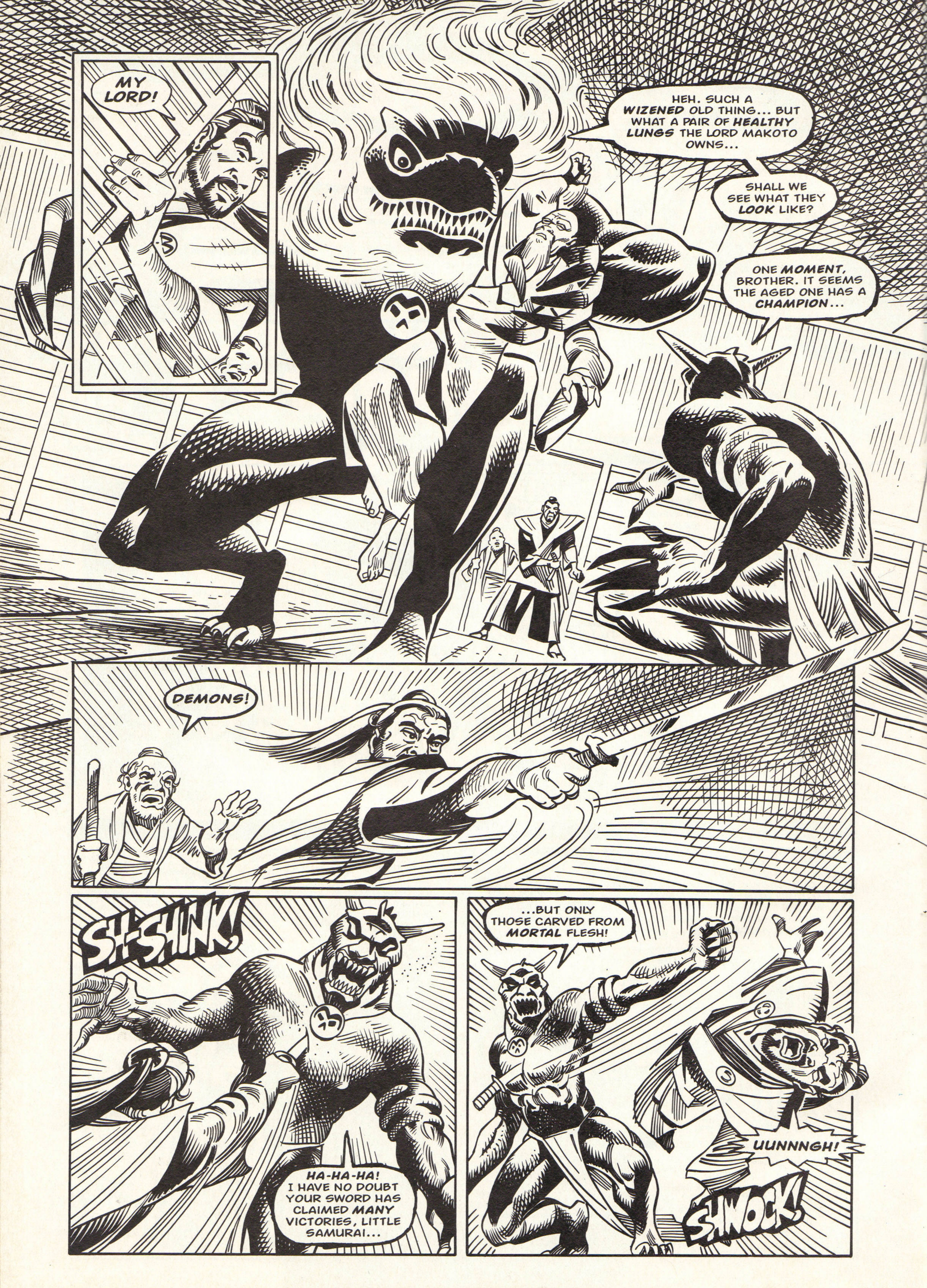


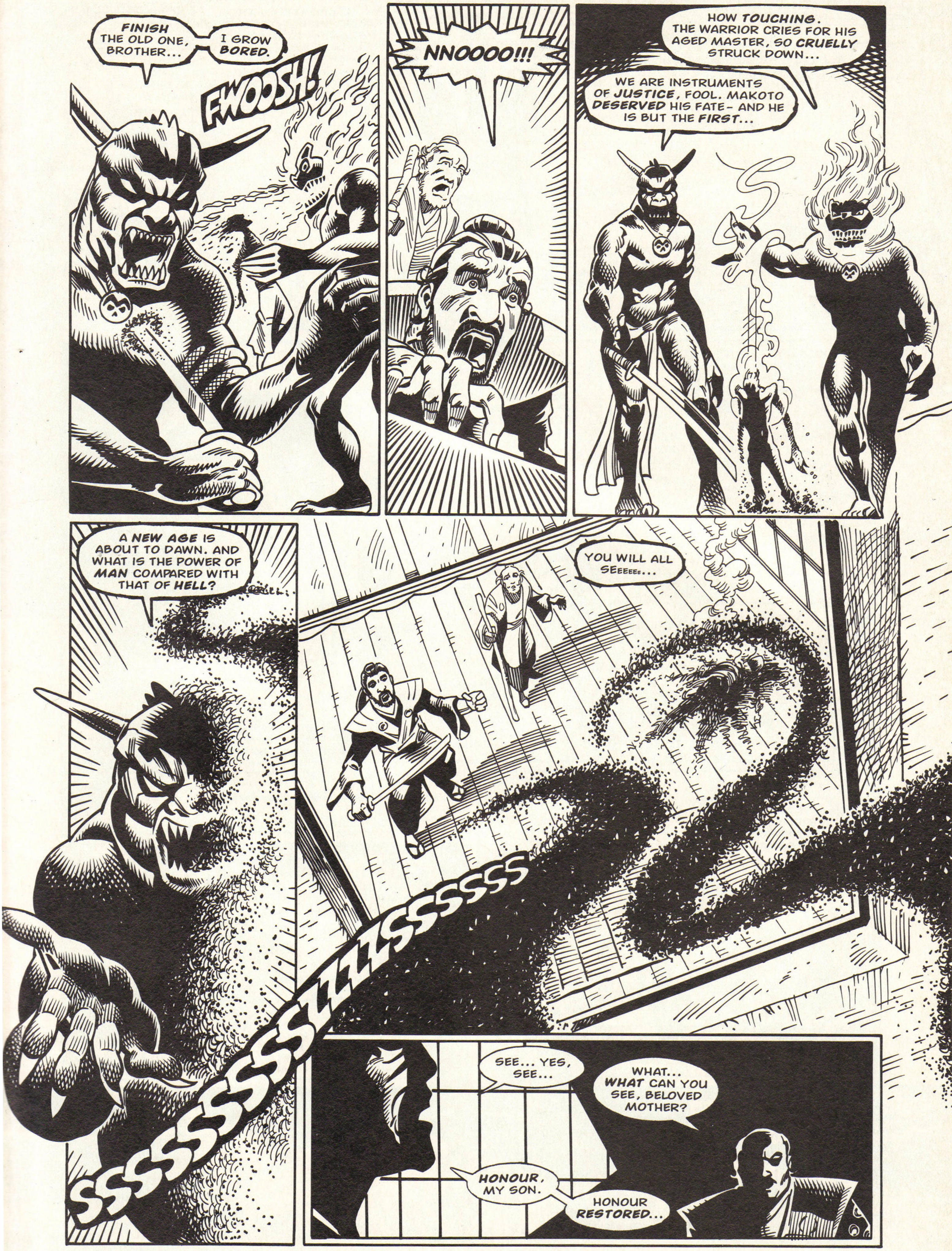
THE ROAD TO HELL

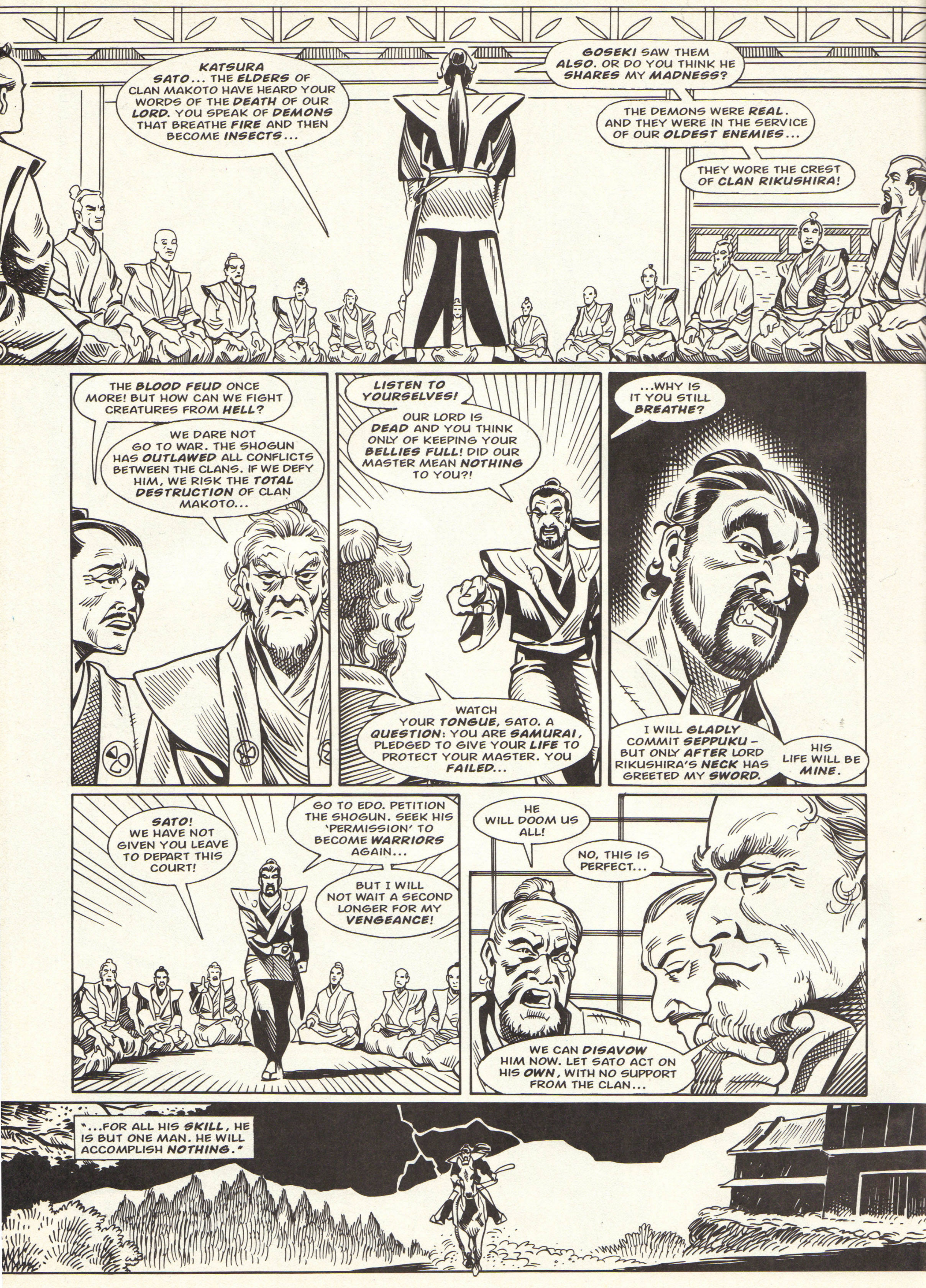
PART ONE

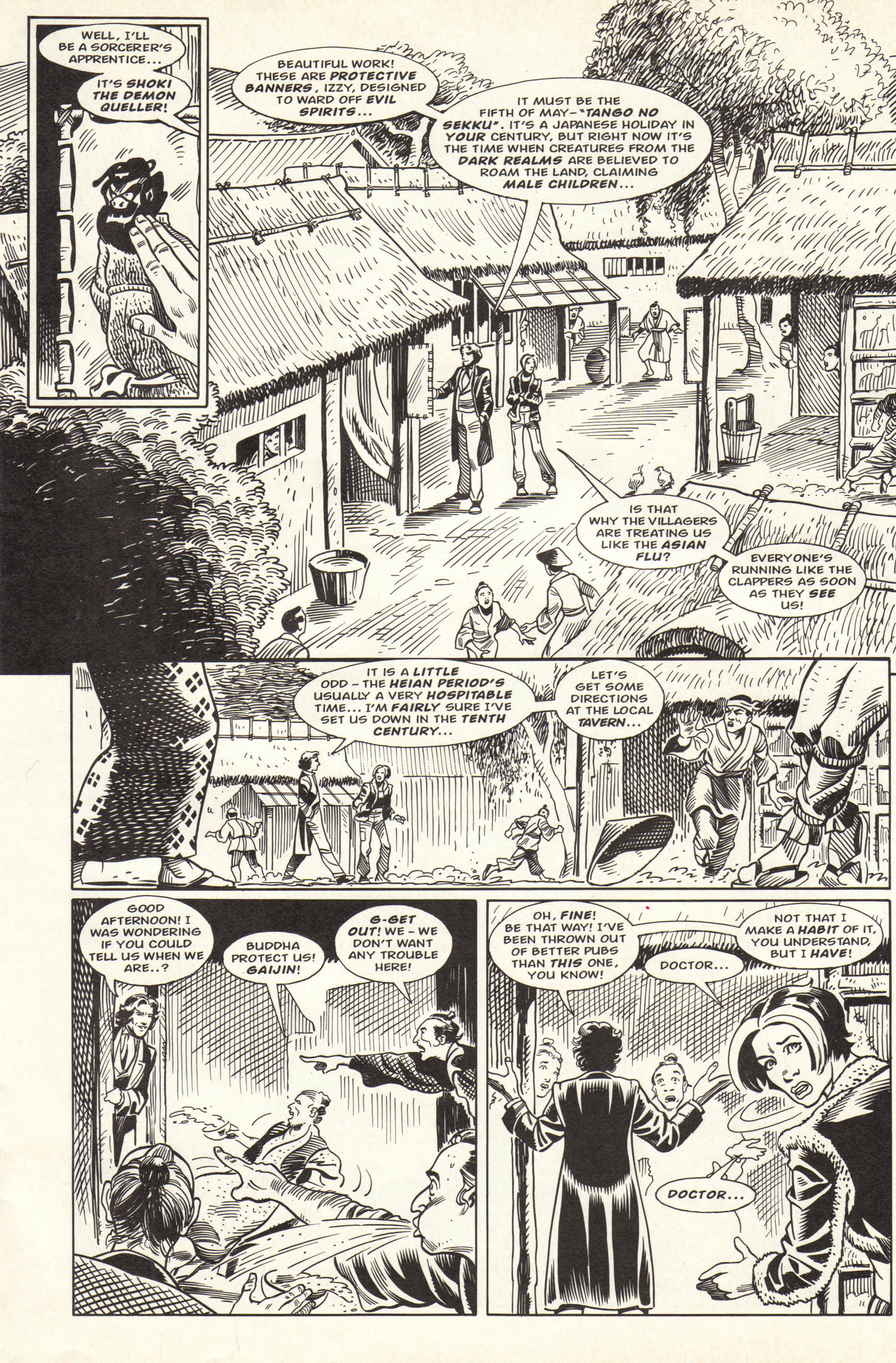
STORY: **SCOTT GRAY**
PENCIL ART: **MARTIN GERAGHTY**
INKING: **ROBIN SMITH**
LETTERING: **ELITTA FELL**
EDITORS: **GARY GILLATT & ALAN BARNES**

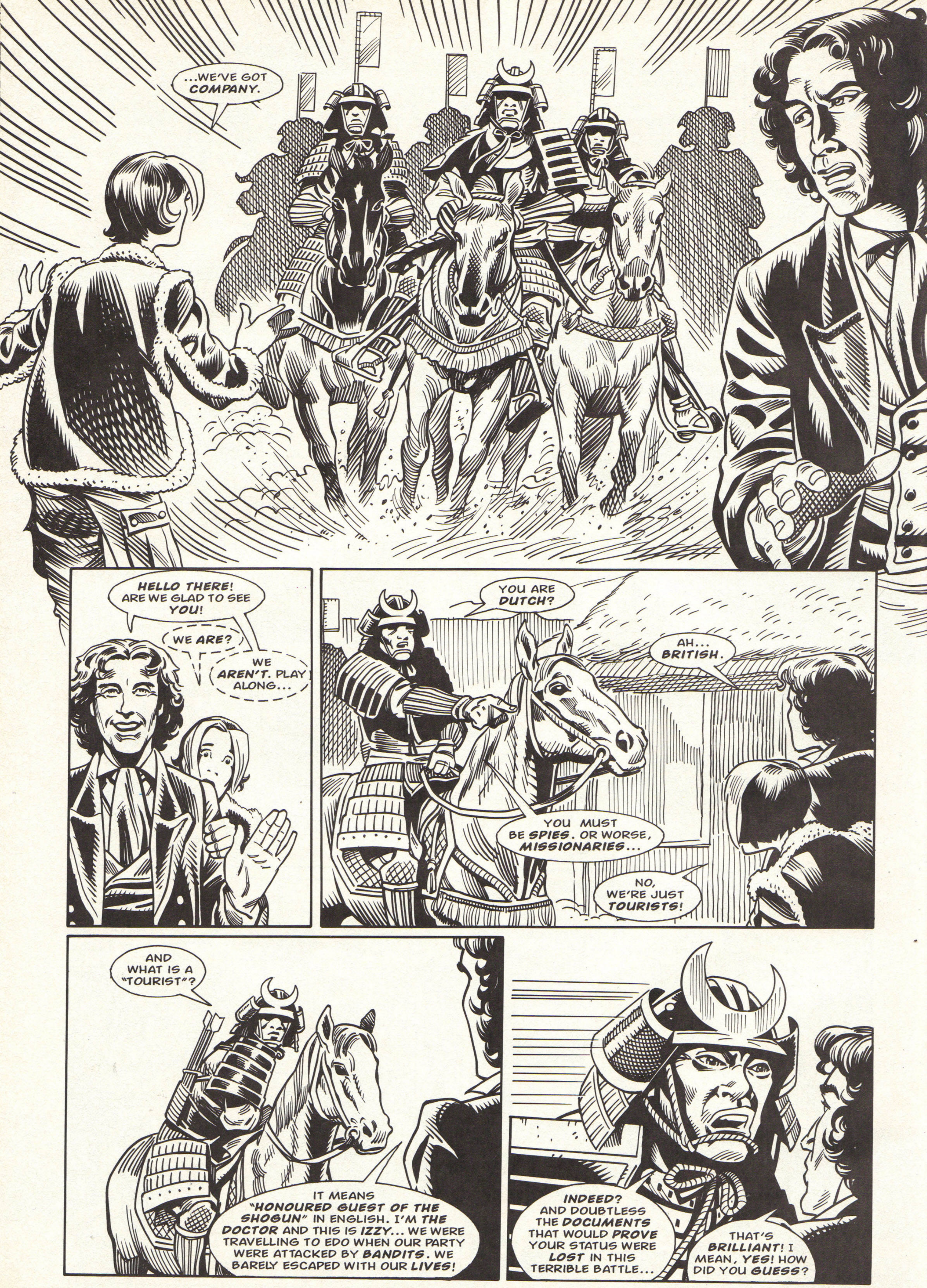
HO! OPEN THE MAIN GATE, AND STEP QUICKLY, YOU LOW-BORN MONKEYS...
KATSURA SATO HAS RETURNED!
WELCOME, KATSURA! WE WEREN'T EXPECTING YOU BACK FOR ANOTHER TWO DAYS!
OUR NOBLE SHOGUN GRANTED ME THE MERCY OF LEAVING EDO EARLY, GOSEKI. EVEN HE COULD SEE THAT MY MIND WAS CLOSE TO SHATTERING...
...ONE MORE DAY-LONG TEA CEREMONY WITH SOME BLOATED BUREAUCRAT AND I WOULD HAVE SENT HALF THE CIVIL SERVICE TO MEET THEIR ANCESTORS...
THE PRICE WE PAY FOR PEACE, OLD FRIEND!
A WORLD WHERE SAMURAI MUST BECOME DIPLOMATS? THERE ARE NIGHTS WHEN I DREAM OF WAR AND WAKE WEEPING WITH LONGING...
HOW IS LORD MAKOTO?
RESTLESS WITHOUT HIS FAVOURED SERVANT. YOU SHOULD GO TO HIM...
NO, HE NEEDS HIS REST. TIME ENOUGH IN THE MORNING TO BORE HIM WITH MY TALES OF THE IMPERIAL COURT...
LET HIM SL-
AAIIIEE!!

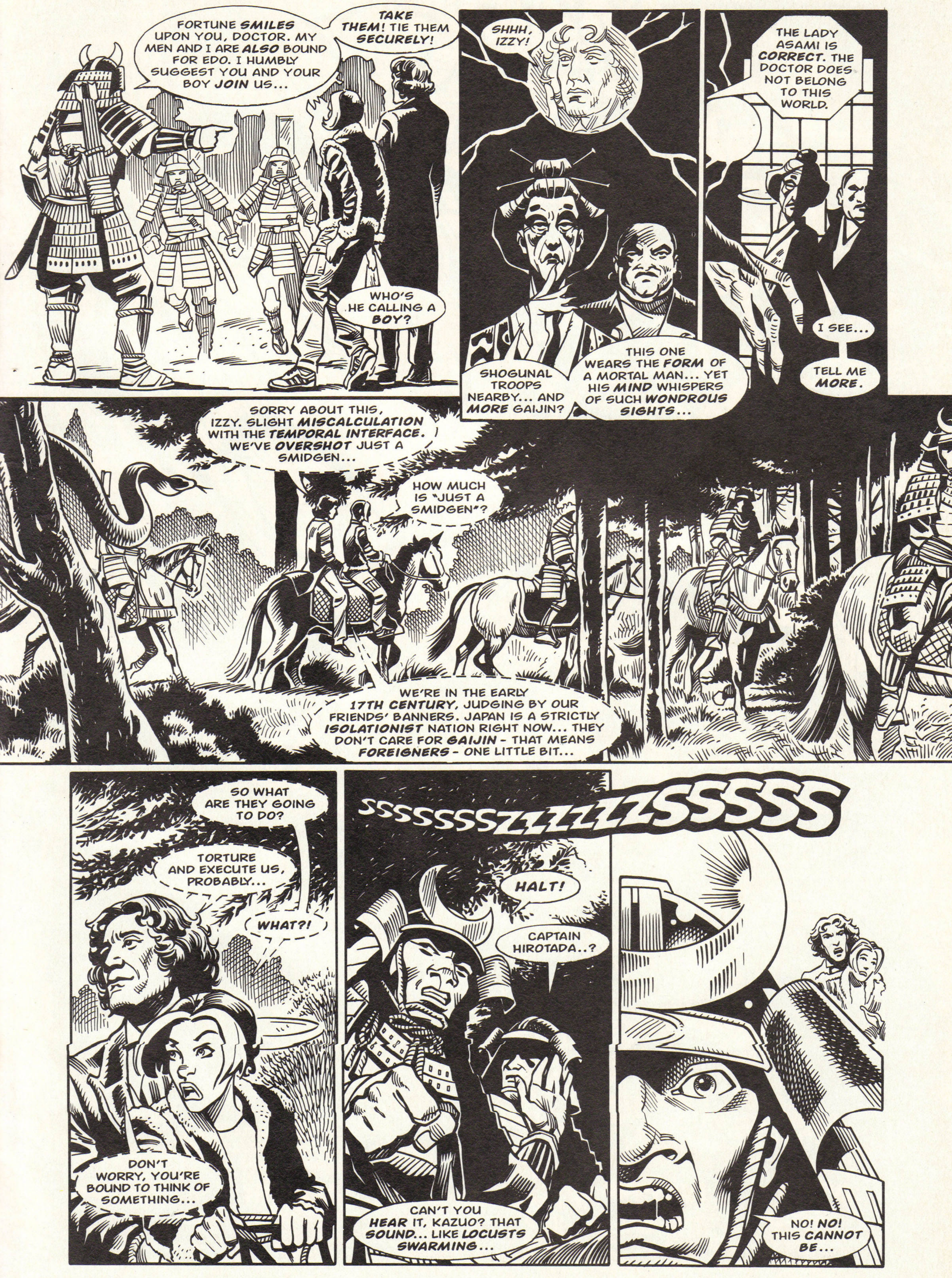

MY LORD!
HEH. SUCH A WIZENED OLD THING... BUT WHAT A PAIR OF HEALTHY LUNGS THE LORD MAKOTO OWNS...
SHALL WE SEE WHAT THEY LOOK LIKE?
ONE MOMENT, BROTHER. IT SEEMS THE AGED ONE HAS A CHAMPION...
DEMONS!
SH-SHINK!
HA-HA-HA! I HAVE NO DOUBT YOUR SWORD HAS CLAIMED MANY VICTORIES, LITTLE SAMURAI...
...BUT ONLY THOSE CARVED FROM MORTAL FLESH!
UUNNNGH!
SHNOCK!

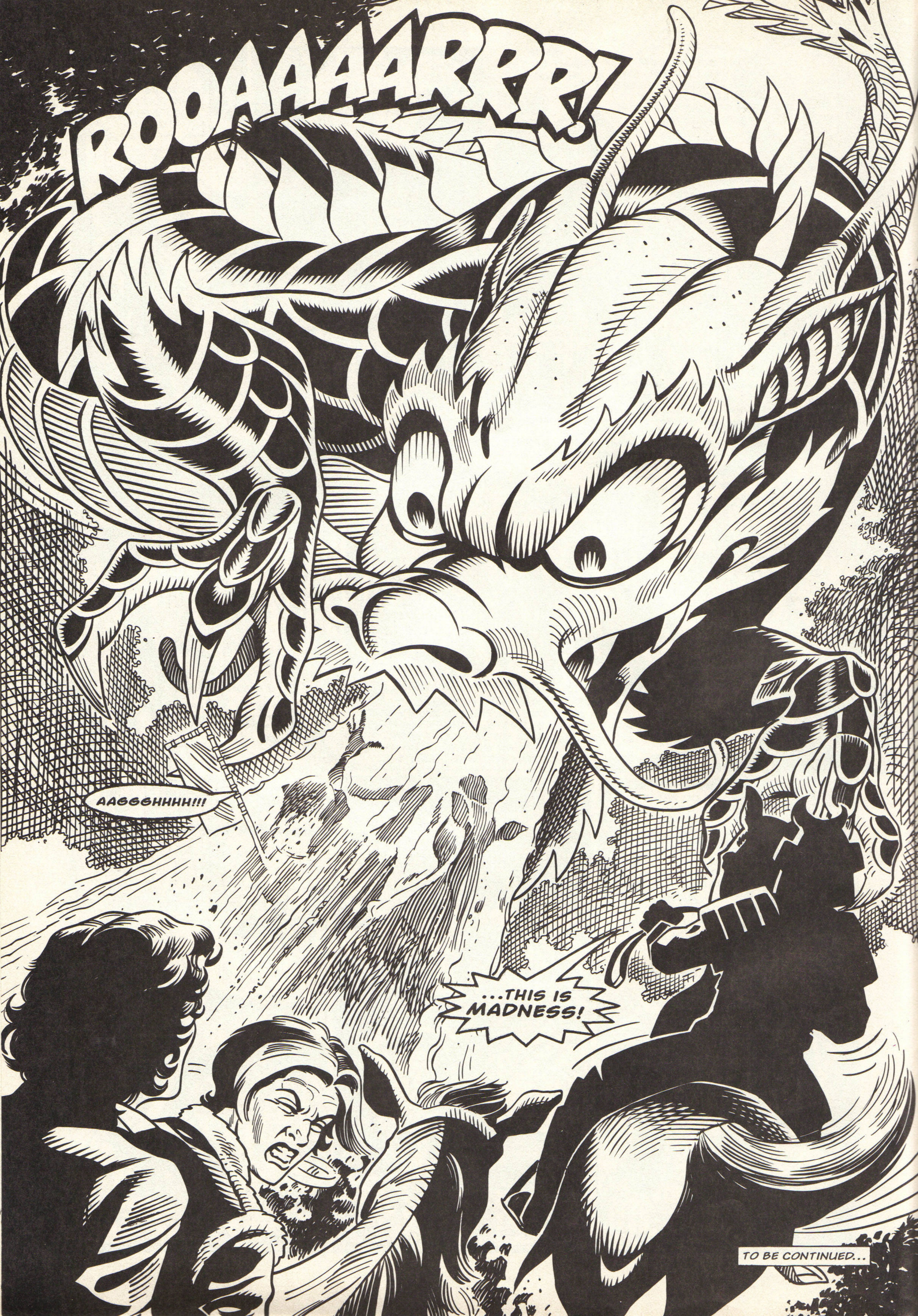

FINISH THE OLD ONE, BROTHER...
I GROW BORED.
FWOOSH!
NNOOOO!!!
HOW TOUCHING. THE WARRIOR CRIES FOR HIS AGED MASTER, SO CRUELLY STRUCK DOWN...
WE ARE INSTRUMENTS OF JUSTICE, FOOL. MAKOTO DESERVED HIS FATE- AND HE IS BUT THE FIRST...
A NEW AGE IS ABOUT TO DAWN. AND WHAT IS THE POWER OF MAN COMPARED WITH THAT OF HELL?
YOU WILL ALL SEEeeee...
SSSSSSSSSSSSSSZZZZSSSSSSS
SEE... YES, SEE...
WHAT... WHAT CAN YOU SEE, BELOVED MOTHER?
HONOUR, MY SON.
HONOUR RESTORED...

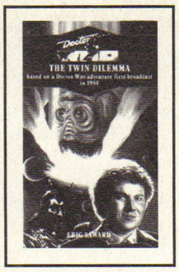
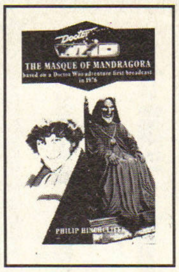
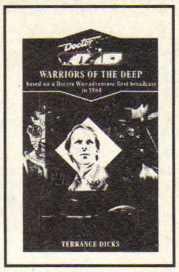

KATSURA SATO... THE ELDERS OF CLAN MAKOTO HAVE HEARD YOUR WORDS OF THE DEATH OF OUR LORD. YOU SPEAK OF DEMONS THAT BREATHE FIRE AND THEN BECOME INSECTS...
GOSEKI SAW THEM ALSO. OR DO YOU THINK HE SHARES MY MADNESS?
THE DEMONS WERE REAL. AND THEY WERE IN THE SERVICE OF OUR OLDEST ENEMIES...
THEY WORE THE CREST OF CLAN RIKUSHIRA!
THE BLOOD FEUD ONCE MORE! BUT HOW CAN WE FIGHT CREATURES FROM HELL?
WE DARE NOT GO TO WAR. THE SHOGUN HAS OUTLAWED ALL CONFLICTS BETWEEN THE CLANS. IF WE DEFY HIM, WE RISK THE TOTAL DESTRUCTION OF CLAN MAKOTO...
LISTEN TO YOURSELVES!
OUR LORD IS DEAD AND YOU THINK ONLY OF KEEPING YOUR BELLIES FULL! DID OUR MASTER MEAN NOTHING TO YOU?!
WATCH YOUR TONGUE, SATO. A QUESTION: YOU ARE SAMURAI, PLEDGED TO GIVE YOUR LIFE TO PROTECT YOUR MASTER. YOU FAILED...
...WHY IS IT YOU STILL BREATHE?
I WILL GLADLY COMMIT SEPPUKU – BUT ONLY AFTER LORD RIKUSHIRA'S NECK HAS GREETED MY SWORD.
HIS LIFE WILL BE MINE.
SATO! WE HAVE NOT GIVEN YOU LEAVE TO DEPART THIS COURT!
GO TO EDO. PETITION THE SHOGUN. SEEK HIS 'PERMISSION' TO BECOME WARRIORS AGAIN...
BUT I WILL NOT WAIT A SECOND LONGER FOR MY VENGEANCE!
HE WILL DOOM US ALL!
NO, THIS IS PERFECT...
WE CAN DISAVOW HIM NOW. LET SATO ACT ON HIS OWN, WITH NO SUPPORT FROM THE CLAN...
"...FOR ALL HIS SKILL, HE IS BUT ONE MAN. HE WILL ACCOMPLISH NOTHING."


WELL, I'LL BE A SORCERER'S APPRENTICE...
IT'S SHOKI THE DEMON QUELLER!
BEAUTIFUL WORK! THESE ARE PROTECTIVE BANNERS, IZZY, DESIGNED TO WARD OFF EVIL SPIRITS...
IT MUST BE THE FIFTH OF MAY–"TANGO NO SEKKU". IT'S A JAPANESE HOLIDAY IN YOUR CENTURY, BUT RIGHT NOW IT'S THE TIME WHEN CREATURES FROM THE DARK REALMS ARE BELIEVED TO ROAM THE LAND, CLAIMING MALE CHILDREN...
IS THAT WHY THE VILLAGERS ARE TREATING US LIKE THE ASIAN FLU?
EVERYONE'S RUNNING LIKE THE CLAPPERS AS SOON AS THEY SEE US!
IT IS A LITTLE ODD – THE HEIAN PERIOD'S USUALLY A VERY HOSPITABLE TIME... I'M FAIRLY SURE I'VE SET US DOWN IN THE TENTH CENTURY...
LET'S GET SOME DIRECTIONS AT THE LOCAL TAVERN...
GOOD AFTERNOON! I WAS WONDERING IF YOU COULD TELL US WHEN WE ARE..?
BUDDHA PROTECT US! GAIJIN!
G-GET OUT! WE – WE DON'T WANT ANY TROUBLE HERE!
OH, FINE! BE THAT WAY! I'VE BEEN THROWN OUT OF BETTER PUBS THAN THIS ONE, YOU KNOW!
DOCTOR...
NOT THAT I MAKE A HABIT OF IT, YOU UNDERSTAND, BUT I HAVE!
DOCTOR...


...WE'VE GOT **COMPANY**.
HELLO THERE! ARE WE GLAD TO SEE **YOU**!
WE **ARE**?
WE **AREN'T**. PLAY ALONG...
YOU ARE **DUTCH**?
AH... **BRITISH**.
YOU MUST BE **SPIES**. OR WORSE, **MISSIONARIES**...
NO, WE'RE JUST **TOURISTS**!
AND WHAT IS A "TOURIST"?
IT MEANS "**HONOURED GUEST OF THE SHOGUN**" IN ENGLISH. I'M **THE DOCTOR** AND THIS IS **IZZY**... WE WERE TRAVELLING TO EDO WHEN OUR PARTY WERE ATTACKED BY **BANDITS**. WE BARELY ESCAPED WITH OUR **LIVES**!
INDEED? AND DOUBTLESS THE **DOCUMENTS** THAT WOULD **PROVE** YOUR STATUS WERE **LOST** IN THIS TERRIBLE BATTLE...
THAT'S **BRILLIANT**! I MEAN, **YES**! HOW DID YOU **GUESS**?


FORTUNE SMILES UPON YOU, DOCTOR. MY MEN AND I ARE ALSO BOUND FOR EDO. I HUMBLY SUGGEST YOU AND YOUR BOY JOIN US...
TAKE THEM! TIE THEM SECURELY!
WHO'S HE CALLING A BOY?
SHHH, IZZY!
SHOGUNAL TROOPS NEARBY... AND MORE GAIJIN?
THIS ONE WEARS THE FORM OF A MORTAL MAN... YET HIS MIND WHISPERS OF SUCH WONDROUS SIGHTS...
THE LADY ASAMI IS CORRECT. THE DOCTOR DOES NOT BELONG TO THIS WORLD.
I SEE...
TELL ME MORE.
SORRY ABOUT THIS, IZZY. SLIGHT MISCALCULATION WITH THE TEMPORAL INTERFACE. WE'VE OVERSHOT JUST A SMIDGEN...
HOW MUCH IS "JUST A SMIDGEN"?
WE'RE IN THE EARLY 17TH CENTURY, JUDGING BY OUR FRIENDS' BANNERS. JAPAN IS A STRICTLY ISOLATIONIST NATION RIGHT NOW... THEY DON'T CARE FOR GAIJIN - THAT MEANS FOREIGNERS - ONE LITTLE BIT...
SO WHAT ARE THEY GOING TO DO?
TORTURE AND EXECUTE US, PROBABLY...
WHAT?!
DON'T WORRY, YOU'RE BOUND TO THINK OF SOMETHING...
SSSSSSSZZZZZZZSSSSSS
HALT!
CAPTAIN HIROTADA..?
CAN'T YOU HEAR IT, KAZUO? THAT SOUND... LIKE LOCUSTS SWARMING...
NO! NO! THIS CANNOT BE...


ROOAAAAARRR!
AAGGGHHHH!!!
...THIS IS MADNESS!
TO BE CONTINUED...

Doctor Who
THE TIME WARRIOR
TERRANCE DICKS

Doctor Who
THE TWIN DILEMMA

Doctor Who
THE MASQUE OF MANDRAGORA
PHILIP HINCHCLIFFE

Doctor Who
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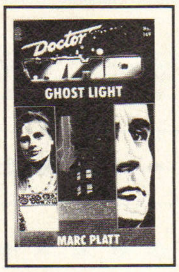
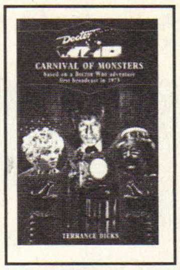
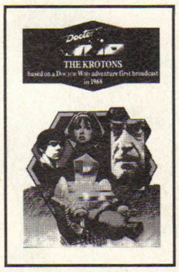
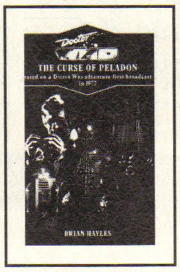
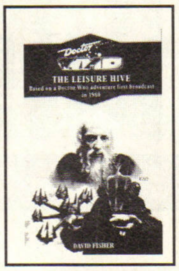

Doctor Who
GHOST LIGHT
MARC PLATT

Doctor Who
CARNIVAL OF MONSTERS
TERRANCE DICKS

Doctor Who
THE FACE OF EVIL

Doctor Who
THE KROTONS

Doctor Who
THE CURSE OF FENRIC
IAN BRIGGS

Doctor Who
THE CURSE OF PELADON
BRIAN HAYLES

Doctor Who
THE LEISURE HIVE
DAVID FISHER

Doctor Who
ROBOT

Doctor Who
SURVIVAL
RONA MUNRO

Doctor Who
THE DOMINATORS

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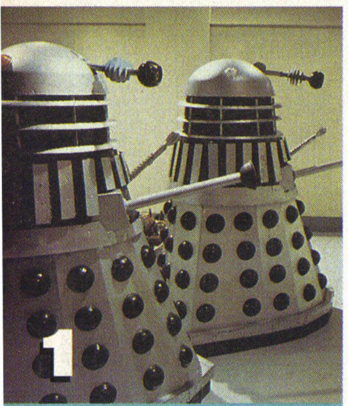
VIDEO SALES 1986-97

★★★★★ 50,000+ sales
★★★★ 40,000+ sales
★★★ 30,000+ sales
★★ 20,000+ sales
★ 10,000+ sales
✚ less than 10,000 sales
[1] boxed set
[2] combined in double pack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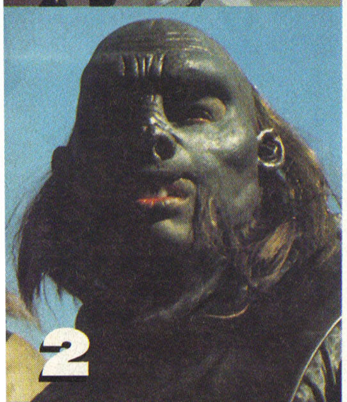
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rank	story title	net sales to May 1997	highest chart position	weeks on chart
1	DEATH TO THE DALEKS	★★★★★	11	11 wks
2	DAY OF THE DALEKS	★★★★★	21	6 wks
3	DOCTOR WHO [TV Movie]	★★★★	3	3 wks
4	THE FIVE DOCTORS	★★★★	2	11 wks
5	THE CHASE & REMEMBRANCE OF THE DALEKS [1]	★★★★	5	4 wks
6	SPEARHEAD FROM SPACE	★★★	9	11 wks
7	PYRAMIDS OF MARS	★★★	20	1 wk
8	THE ROBOTS OF DEATH	★★★	22	1 wk
9	THE ARK IN SPACE	★★★	13	10 wks
10	THE TRIAL OF A TIME LORD [1]	★★★	9	2 wks
11	THE TOMB OF THE CYBERMEN	★★★	1	4 wks
12	THE SONTARAN EXPERIMENT & GENESIS OF THE DALEKS [2]	★★★	10	5 wks
13	REVENGE OF THE CYBERMEN	★★★	nk	nk
14	TERROR OF THE ZYGONS	★★★	25	8 wks
15	EARTHSHOCK	★★	3	3 wks
16	THE TIME WARRIOR	★★	12	9 wks
17	THE DEADLY ASSASSIN	★★	15	4 wks
18	THE TALONS OF WENG-CHIANG	★★	27	8 wks
19	RESURRECTION OF THE DALEKS	★★	7	2 wks
20	THE THREE DOCTORS	★★	3	8 wks
21	THE CLAWS OF AXOS	★★	5	3 wks
22	THE BRAIN OF MORBIUS	★★	4	9 wks
23	THE DALEKS	★★	6	18 wks
24	MORE THAN THIRTY YEARS IN THE TARDIS	★★	15	1 wk
25	AN UNEARTHLY CHILD	★★	8	7 wks
26	THE KEEPER OF TRAKEN	★★	6	3 wks
27	ROBOT	★★	5	4 wks
28	THE CURSE OF PELADON	★★	5	2 wks
29	PLANET OF THE SPIDERS	★★	3	10 wks
30	CITY OF DEATH	★★	10	6 wks
31	SILVER NEMESIS	★★	7	2 wks
32	DESTINY OF THE DALEKS	★★	2	3 wks
33	LOGOPOLIS	★★	3	3 wks
34	THE CURSE OF FENRIC	★★	6	5 wks
35	THE MIND ROBBER	★★	5	5 wks
36	THE DALEK INVASION OF EARTH	★★	3	12 wks
37	THE SEEDS OF DEATH	★★	nk	nk
38	CASTROVALVA	★★	6	3 wks
39	THE CAVES OF ANDROZANI	★★	6	4 wks
40	THE DOMINATORS	★★	5	5 wks
41	THE TWO DOCTORS	★★	8	1 wk
42	TERROR OF THE AUTONS	★★	5	4 wks
43	MAWDRYN UNDEAD	★★	10	1 wk
44	THE MASQUE OF MANDRAGORA	★★	4	6 wks
45	DALEKS: THE EARLY YEARS	★★	5	4 wks
46	THE INVASION	★★	5	3 wks
47	CARNIVAL OF MONSTERS	★★	4	2 wks
48	VENGEANCE ON VAROS	★	3	2 wks
49	PLANET OF EVIL	★	21	3 wks
50	THE TROUGHTON YEARS	★	3	6 wks
51	THE WAR GAMES	★	4	8 wks
52	SHADA	★	4	3 wks
53	DOCTOR WHO AND THE SILURIANS	★	2	2 wks
54	THE ANDROID INVASION	★	8	2 wks
55	THE PERTWEE YEARS	★	8	3 wks
56	THE SEEDS OF DOOM	★	4	2 wks
57	IMAGE OF THE FENDAHL	★	4	2 wks
58	THE HARTNELL YEARS	★	5	6 wks
59	ARC OF INFINITY	★	10	2 wks
60	CYBERMEN: THE EARLY YEARS	★	8	2 wks
61	DRAGONFIRE	★	22	2 wks
62	ENLIGHTENMENT	★	7	2 wks
63	TERMINUS	★	9	3 wks
64	THE VISITATION & BLACK ORCHID [2]	★	3	2 wks
65	THE TWIN DILEMMA	★	8	2 wks
66	THE TOM BAKER YEARS	★	8	2 wks
67	THE KROTONS	★	7	4 wks
68	INFERNO	★	7	2 wks
69	FRONTIER IN SPACE	★	9	2 wks
70	THE AZTECS	★	15	1 wk
71	THE DÆMONS	★	10	2 wks
72	KINDA	★	18	1 wk
73	GHOST LIGHT	★	9	2 wks
74	THE KING'S DEMONS & THE FIVE DOCTORS SPECIAL EDITION [1]	★	35	1 wk
75	THE GREEN DEATH	★	31	1 wk
76	WARRIORS OF THE DEEP	★	10	1 wk
77	SNAKEDANCE	★	35	1 wk
78	THE PIRATE PLANET	★	7	2 wks
79	THE RIBOS OPERATION	★	6	2 wks
80	THE WEB PLANET	★	15	3 wks
81	THE STONES OF BLOOD	★	7	2 wks
82	THE AWAKENING & FRONTIOS [2]	★	18	1 wk
83	THE SEA DEVILS	★	13	1 wk
84	THE RESCUE & THE ROMANS [2]	★	15	1 wk
85	TIME AND THE RANI	★	7	1 wk
86	THE MONSTER OF PELADON	★	–	–
87	THE ARMAGEDDON FACTOR	★	11	1 wk
88	SURVIVAL	★	21	1 wk
89	THE MARK OF THE RANI	★	11	1 wk
90	THE ANDROIDS OF TARA	★	21	2 wks
91	THE POWER OF KROLL	★	6	1 wk
92	THE LEISURE HIVE	★	9	2 wks
93	THE HAND OF FEAR	★	10	1 wk
94	PARADISE TOWERS	★	23	1 wk
95	THE COLIN BAKER YEARS	★	12	1 wk
96	K9 & COMPANY	✚	25	1 wk

TOTAL SALES 1986-97 **2,083,767**

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7

8

9

10

With over two million tapes sold, many fans now own an almost full set of *Doctor Who* on video. But we weren't always so blessed, observes Mark Wyman . . .

In October 1983, when BBC Video released *Revenge of the Cybermen*, devoted fans had to hand over a royal ransom to own it. It cost £39.99 for the privilege of owning the first official *Doctor Who* story on videotape, at a time when pop chart albums on audio cassette generally cost under £5.

Even among the most devout collectors, the nature of that initial release would surely arouse controversy if repeated today. The series' crucially episodic nature was glossed over, as it was throughout the eighties releases. *Revenge*, on tape, was a feature-length version of the 1975 four-parter, with individual episode titles and credit sequences excised. Sleeve photographs of the Fourth Doctor and Cybermen were taken from eighties tales, and were wildly at odds with their look within the story. The then-contemporary neon logo was also used, rather than the still-popular mid-seventies diamond version. Not to mention that, at end-of-the-century prices, some tapes would now be costing over £100.

The contrast with the BBC's products since it tied together the book and video releases in 1997 is tremendous. Now, each video has specially-commissioned cover artwork, and title sequences and credits nearly always as broadcast. It illustrates how the retail video industry has evolved and matured since those fledgling days. Along the way, the vast majority of *Doctor Who* stories available have been released by the BBC intact. But the landscape of home entertainment has changed so comprehensively since the early eighties that the development of *Doctor Who* on BBC Video needs to be put in context.

Perhaps it's difficult to imagine a time when video tapes and compact discs were not widespread consumer items in the high street, supermarket, petrol station and so on. Fourteen years ago, HMV, Woolworths and WH Smith sold vinyl records, audio cassettes and . . . well, not much else, entertainment-wise. Compact discs made their high street debut in 1983, alongside the pound coin. Home video had started slowly since its 1979 launch, with few mainstream films and even less TV product available. But the potential was clear: by late 1983 Britain apparently had more video recorders per head of population than anywhere else on the globe. Research published in that October showed 4.5 million UK households had a VCR, and ownership was increasing by 200,000 machines every month.

Vital statistics

- Net sales figures are only available up to May 1997, so all subsequent releases (*The War Machines, The Happiness Patrol, The E-Space Trilogy, Timelash, Battlefield, The Mind of Evil, Horror of Fang Rock, Planet of Fire, The Ark, The Ice Warriors Collection, Nightmare of Eden* and *The Keys of Marinus*) are excluded from our chart. Note also that all sales of existing titles after May 1997 are necessarily excluded, too

- Figures are given per story title, so re-issues and 'unedited' re-releases are combined in this chart – with the sole exception of *The Five Doctors Special Edition*, only available in a box with the previously unreleased *The King's Demons*

- *Doctor Who* tapes have been responsible for a staggering 70.5% of total sales in BBC Video's entire Sci-Fi line, which includes all *Blake's 7*, Quatermass, *Survivors, Star Cops, The Tripods, Doomwatch, Moonbase 3* and *The Hitch-Hiker's Guide to the Galaxy* releases – but not *Red Dwarf*, which is classified as 'comedy'

- The average sale for a BBC Video *Doctor Who* release, calculated on the basis of the 96 titles listed, is a whopping 21,706. *The Dominators*, therefore, is the most average video release ever – and that's official

- Perhaps surprisingly, the average sale of black and white releases is 24,386 – just under 2,500 more than the average colour sale of 21,439

- It's clear that the highest average sale by Doctor goes to the Eighth, whose single outing in the TV Movie is the third biggest-selling *Doctor Who* video ever. Top of the remainder, however, is the Third (a Tyrannosaur-sized average sale of 24,740), followed by: the First (a Carsenome-sized 21,978); the Second (a Macra-sized 21,964); the Fourth (a Kroll-sized 21,679); the Fifth (a Mara-sized 20,496); the Seventh (a Kroagnon-scale 19,814); and finally, the Sixth (a Bandril-sized 18,971)

- Given what we learned in the two points just above, and seeing the top two positions in the chart, the closest thing to a sure-fire video hit would have to be a Pertwee featuring Terry Nation's Skaro denizens, preferably in black and white. So when's *Planet of the Daleks* coming out, BBC Video?

The Dominators: a Quark hotly denies being completely average, yesterday

His Master's choice? Pertwee peddles his wares at HMV . . .

But the broadcasting environment of Britain in 1983 was equally unfamiliar. Channel 4 was one year old and just learning to walk tall in the TV jungle. Breakfast TV was new-born that year. A regular series called *EastEnders* was unheard of. 'Cable' and 'satellite' were words that very few far-sighted people would have affixed to a word like 'television'. The titles *Monocled Mutineer* and *Withnail & I* had yet to appear on the CV of a 23 year-old actor called Paul McGann.

Perhaps reassuringly, *Coronation Street* was Britain's top-rated programme. Indeed, Granada released a video containing "six early classic" episodes of the soap in 1983; its smash hit *Brideshead Revisited* was also available. At the BBC, no such arrangement to release drama or comedy was in place, but the intention to enter the market was no secret.

While *Doctor Who* was having its 20th anniversary of almost non-stop production celebrated on BBC1, BBC Records & Tapes was among the merchandisers at the massively over-subscribed *Doctor Who* Celebration held at Longleat House over 1983's Easter weekend. Here the editorial and production process of putting *Doctor Who* stories into the high street began in earnest. Those who braved the crush to reach that BBC counter were invited, via questionnaire, to express their preferences for stories that BBC Video should release. And the winner was . . . *Revenge of the Cybermen*, or so said the BBC people afterwards.

Many loyal fans will have bought each release from 1983 to date as they appeared. But how have the BBC's *Doctor Who* releases performed in the wider market as the retailing of videos has expanded? Other episodic cult TV series have, after all, entered the shops to great effect. *Blake's 7* and *Red Dwarf* have been notable BBC successes, but the biggest rival has increasingly been the hydra-like *Star Trek* brand, with its four series released in tightly-marshalled squadrons over the years by CIC Video. So how successful have the *Doctor Who* releases been in comparison? The main publishing barometer of the video industry is the trade weekly *Video Business*, published since 1981 but re-titled *Video Home Entertainment* in 1992. We've used the sales charts and editorial coverage of *Video Business/VHE*, plus BBC Video's own sales figures spanning over a decade of *Doctor Who* releases, to provide an overview of the Doctor's greatest video hits . . .

12th September 1983: on its front page, *Video Business* reports that "BBC Video's October package is the first to include [drama and entertainment] titles freed by the deal between BBC Enterprises and unions. The long-awaited star package has arrived with top quality titles . . . October sees the release of *The Best of the Two Ronnies, Butterflies, The Fall and Rise of Reginald Perrin* – a movie-length edition – and *Dr Who – Revenge of the Cybermen*, another feature-length production starring Tom Baker." Inside, a two-page BBC Video advert proclaims: "AUNTIE TAKES THE GLOVES OFF . . . At the BBC, we've made more national favourites than anyone else. Now we're letting you have them; not all at once, of course, but . . . they come with our biggest advertising and promotional campaign to date." The tag-line with the BBC Video logo is "The Video Tasties" – a cheeky reference to the long-lasting hysteria over 'video nasties' that dogged the purveyors of video at the time.

19 September 1983: a photo-feature on the Heathrow Software Show in *Video Business* reveals none other than Tom Baker promoting the series' first release to the trade, a fully-dressed Cyberman alongside him. Tom also hosted a trailer package on the 'Video Tasties' theme which was included on several early BBC Video releases.

10 October 1983: *Revenge of the Cybermen* is reviewed and given a four-star rating for quality, plus four ££££ signs for 'rentability' – video rentals then being the dominant side of the market, with sell-through tapes very much in their infancy. There is strong support for having a Fourth Doctor story released first: "this reviewer happens to think that Tom Baker was by far and away the best Doctor Who (up to that point)", while an intriguing slip refers to the Doctor being "on a space becaon . . . struck by a plague carried by the rat-like Cybermafs [sic]".

17 October 1983: another BBC Video advert concentrates on the October releases, boldly

. . . and pushes his product at the Virgin Megastore, too

Sylvester McCoy records links for the *Hartnell Years* compilation . . .

describing *Revenge* as "one of the definitive adventures in the BBC's megasaga of time travel, pneumatic assistants and long scarves . . . [it] will have you on the edge of your seats, on the edge of the galaxy – not necessarily this one".

. . . and Tom Baker provides the commentary for his own *Years* cassette

24 October 1983: a top 40 chart based on wholesalers' orders – combining rental and retail tapes, but not actually indicating purchases or loans by consumers – shows more confidence in the BBC's releases. *Revenge* is the highest TV-related product, entering at number 19, with two of its three comedy releases lower down the chart. Although it is some years before a worthwhile retail chart appears, the hit status of *Doctor Who* is evident from the start.

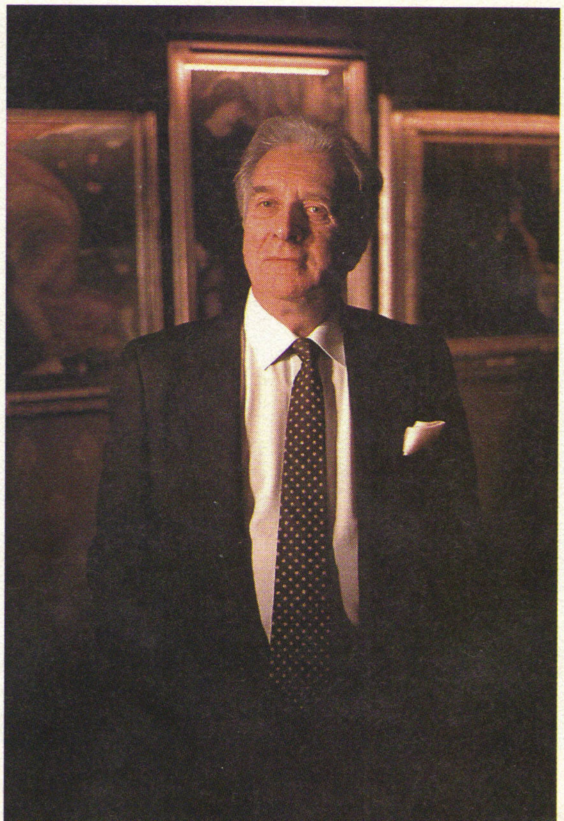
Successive *Doctor Who* releases between 1984 and 1986 – *The Brain of Morbius*, a re-issued *Revenge*, *Pyramids of Mars*, *The Seeds of Death*, *The Five Doctors*, *The Robots of Death* and *The Day of the Daleks* [sic] – are not covered by available sales data or retail charts. All except *Morbius* (which was cut to just 60 minutes in total, priced £19.99) were in feature-length story format with no indication of episode endings or reprises, and only one set of opening titles and credits per story; with the re-released *Revenge*, the tapes' RRP settled at £24.95 apiece. All releases to this point were available in VHS and Betamax formats, but by mid-1986 Betamax had become marginalised; subsequent releases were on VHS only. As costs of producing VHS releases fell dramatically, it gained permanent supremacy as *the* domestic format.

Hence the subsequent 60% price drop on previously released stories, beginning in October 1986 with a second re-release of *Revenge*. *Video Business* had for some time been publishing a weekly top 50 chart showing sales of retail videos "under a tenner". July 1987's *Death to the Daleks*, the first 'new' title released below that price barrier, enjoyed a lengthy run within that chart – ten weeks, peaking at Number 11. This £9.99 price point lasted until 1991, when a rise in VAT encouraged distributors to break the £10 barrier. Prices for new releases have since risen broadly with inflation, while many back catalogue titles have been re-released at mid-price or budget levels.

The success of the BBC *Doctor Who* videos has been remarkable, with the majority of releases since 1990 hitting the top ten. But it is also clear that several later releases' zenith has been much less significant, while their commercial shelf life has become ever more abbreviated. Only two top ten hits have spent more than two weeks in the top 50 in the last four years, rather than the two months' average recorded by the 1990/91 releases. One of these was the 1996 TV Movie – the only release with the added purchasing incentive that it pre-dated UK transmission.

But to conclude that the BBC's releases have been in long-term and drastic decline overlooks several factors in chart history. No such charts give an indication of absolute sales levels, only relative ones for the week in question. Moreover the playing field for competing titles is not level throughout the year, or from one year to the next. As the British Video Association's latest handbook observes, "thanks to video's popularity as a gift item, the retail market has always been heavily biased towards the pre-Christmas period". Their figures for 1992-96 show 48% of each year's sales take place in October-December, with almost 30% in December alone. Hit status is much easier to gain in spring and summer, when sales are about half of November levels, and a mere one-fifth of the December rush. If chart positions were given 'points' with no seasonal adjustment, *The Daleks* would have been judged the top-selling BBC release of 1989. But there's little doubt that the hugely popular twin releases from *Black-Adder II* in November that year outsold it in a mere handful of chart weeks. So autumn releases such as *The Aztecs*, *The King's Demons/Five Doctors Special Edition* pack in 1995, and even *Snakedance* (released in Christmas week) could have been bigger hits in other seasons, and would not have been the sales 'failures' their lowly chart positions indicate.

Increasing volatility in entertainment purchases is evident in the famous Radio 1/CIN singles chart too. Recent years have seen a new, and unprecdented, turnover at pole position: ten Number Ones in as many weeks from Christmas 1998 onwards, for example. There has also been a previously unimaginable concentration of new entries (all released the previous Monday) within the weekly top ten – seven being the recently-established record. It seems clear that modern marketing has succeeded in getting an ever-increasing proportion of the target audience for both music and videos to purchase new material immediately on release. This is not surprising with the well-informed and loyal followings for *Doctor Who* and other genre-related TV hits, but in fact long-running hits in either medium are now rarities.



Brigadier Nicholas Courtney narrates over the gaps caused by the missing episodes on the *Invasion* release

The greatest factor over-riding like-for-like comparisons of video sales since 1983, however, has been the huge and constant growth of the market: in 1986, the UK market was responsible for retail transactions worth £55 million; this figure doubled in 1987, rising to £803 million by 1996. Put another way, the sell-through sector almost doubled in size (number of tapes sold) each year from 1986-89, and doubled again between 1989 and 1996. So 1996's *The Green Death* (highest chart position: 31) would probably have had to sell twice as many copies as 1990's *The Dalek Invasion of Earth* (highest chart position: 3) to match its chart performance. In fact the Pertwee story sold almost two-thirds as many copies as the Hartnell, but barely registered on the chart in comparison.

On the other hand, releases from the *Star Trek* franchises seem to have kept pace with the growth of the industry. (Note: The following commentary relates only to chart positions, not sales volumes.) *Doctor Who* releases broadly matched the 'classic' *Star Trek* releases' chart performance until that cycle was complete in April 1991, while the initial *Next Generation* tapes lagged well behind in hit terms. Once left to shoulder the *Trek* burden alone, *Next Generation* tapes were launched in pairs alongside BBC releases – but the double-headers of *Who* and *Blake's 7*, released in alternate months, still succeeded in out-ranking Picard and crew. Releasing more than two tapes of any series may have generated massive cumulative sales, but tended to exclude them from the top five individually. Chartwise, any series could be lost in the deluge of pre-Christmas sales, without necessarily selling any fewer copies.

Until June 1992, the *Who*/*Blake's 7* relay pairs were holding off the *Next Generation*'s triplicate releases – especially when the Doctor had his only Number One with *The Tomb of the Cybermen* upon that long-missing story's rediscovery. But when CIC started to release tapes in duos instead, the jockeying for supremacy was gradually reversed. Once *Blake's 7* reached its conclusion on tape in January 1993, *Doctor Who*'s two-per-month release schedule reached the top five much less consistently than the *Next Generation* – and when the *Deep Space Nine* releases commenced, Sisko and co were instant victors over the Time Lord.

In 1994, the gap widened, as *Star Trek*'s new fortnightly release policy – putting out one new *Next Generation* and one new *DS9* tape together from June onwards – paid dividends. While only two of that year's 12 *Who* releases reached the top three, *Trek* volumes reached those dizzy heights 17 times, with five *Next Generation* tapes in a row entering at Number One.

This is a trend that continued until the late nineties, with newer rivals – notably *The X Files* releases, and *Star Trek: Voyager* – gaining a huge instant following of collectors. *Doctor Who* releases were suspended for some months after *The Hand of Fear* in 1996, when production of the TV Movie ushered in a new logo – and some new product at last. But since BBC Video resumed archive releases in a handsome new sleeve style with the long-promised *The Green Death*, chart-topping status has become more markedly elusive for them. When *The Leisure Hive* charted in early 1997, there were two new *Trek* entries in the top three – and when the *Awakening*/*Frontios* pack followed, two more were at Numbers Three and Four, with an *X Files* entry at 6. This in a market that was still expanding, where chart-toppers thus signified ever-greater sales.

BBC Worldwide still expects healthy sales from the remaining *Doctor Who* videos to be released. But the most recent review in *Video Home Entertainment*, while saying "the new sleeves certainly look handsome on the shelf" also observes, rather pointedly, that: "BBC Video, having put their *Doctor Who* schedule back on track, may well be realising that the number of quality tapes available for release is fast diminishing." As digital media become ever-more pervasive, the video market has probably reached its peak – and it does seem that *Doctor Who* releases, having been front-runners throughout the medium's formative years, will ever more trail the top performers.

Until Digital Versatile Disc – or any other format which makes a breakthrough – ushers in a whole new medium and standard of collectability for *Doctor Who* fans, of course . . . DWM

"We're confident of holding our own!"

BBC Worldwide's range consultant Stephen Cole on the strengths of the *Doctor Who* video brand . . .

What are the main points of the process involved in getting an unreleased story from the archives out on video?

"Essentially, having decided on a title, you need to go through the relevant files from the BBC's Registry are, and also the 'P as C' documents, which is short-hand for 'Programme as Completed'. This has details of every cast member, all the music that was used, the dates recordings were done – basically every last bit of information about production on that story. Then that is sent to Rights Clearance, who work out who's owed what and overcome any difficulties with artists' agreements and so on. When all that's cleared you go ahead with mastering the tape, working on a sleeve design and blurb, clearing certification with the BBFC, and setting distribution levels . . ."

Are you responsible for choosing which titles to release?

"Yes, and the order in which they're coming out."

Are you aiming to have all of the intact stories released?

"That would be our ultimate aim, yes."

Is Worldwide generally happy with the sales of recent releases?

"Yes – we wouldn't be releasing a tape every other month if we weren't happy – and I think they're now looking better than they ever have done, which hopefully helps to boost sales."

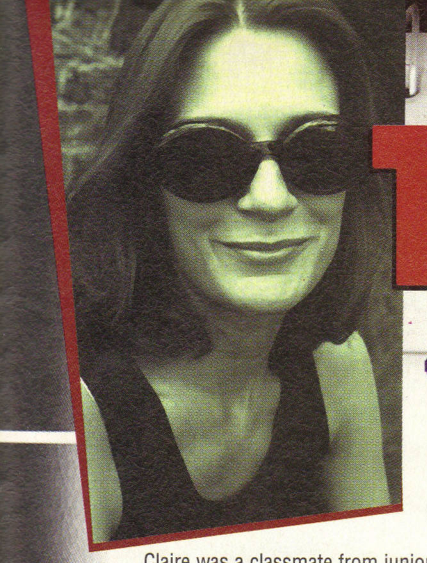
But in recent years' national charts, they have been falling behind the heavily-marketed releases from the *Star Trek* series, for example. Are you conscious of other cult or science-fiction TV series as your direct competition?

"I'm not sure whether it's actual fair competition when they can have the advantage of releasing product that won't be seen on terrestrial TV for months ahead, and there's just so much *Star Trek* material which is mercilessly marketed . . . It's a whole different operation really. At this stage of the *Doctor Who* range, we are confident of holding our own where it matters – that is, people will keep buying them and support for the titles is strong. While UK Gold may have shown stories repeatedly, there are the advert breaks and so on, so we offer a way to enjoy them as they were put out. Occasionally we're in a position to add little extras – like the BBC globe at the start of *The War Machines*, for example – and that appeals to purists and nostalgia buffs alike."

I read in the trade press that one single *X Files* release [the previously-unseen *Tunguska*] had a UK marketing budget of £250,000. I take it you don't have that at your disposal here?

"Figures like that make you weep really, don't they? No, we don't perhaps have quite that to play with, but I think it points to *Who*'s popularity that without that budget we can still achieve healthy sales."

The X-Files: makes you weep



The life & times of Jackie Jenkins

It's the party of the season. A Zarbi has tempted Chas to turn gigolo, and there's six feet of unmitigated evil in the coats room . . .

Claire was a classmate from junior school. Time had dwindled our friendship to an acquaintance but we never forgot each other when it came to Christmas cards and birthday celebrations. Having attended her previous parties single, I, at her invitation to "bring someone", informed her that someone would be Patrick. Patrick, though, had recently been increasingly elusive, unavailability currently his strongest characteristic. Via the phone, he stressed he was otherwise committed but that, at some time, "We really should talk."

I faced his suggestion to take workmate Helen with reluctance. Previously, arriving alone had drawn from the gathering an almost tangible air of confirmation. I thought of Chas. Rang him, asking if he'd pretend to be Patrick. "As we've been going out for over a year it wouldn't appear odd if we weren't tactile. For a friend," I pleaded. "For a Harlequin miniature." But he wouldn't be persuaded.

Nigel was easier, though not without risk. I've yet to attend a party where drink hasn't persuaded him to burst forth with an unsolicited, tuneless but word-perfect rendition of the theme to the Pink Panther cartoon.

Saturday 24 April

11.17pm Nigel had rung. He would be delayed. I arrived informing more people than necessary that Patrick was joining me later. Following a lapse of 45 minutes, he did. It was Chas.

"This is for a Zarbi. Three pounds, Harlequin code DW102."

"You can't be Patrick!"

"The arms are a bit long, but I can always take them in a bit."

"But I've asked Nigel to be Patrick! I can't have two Patricks!" Leading him away, I began an explanation that Claire, calling us back, interrupted.

"Who's he?" Nigel had arrived, protesting his Patrickness. "Is he a gatecrasher?"

"Not exactly," corrected Chas. "He's not so much one of them . . . as one of me."

If I am to be taken from this world, I thought, now would seem appropriate.

"Oh no, no, no!" argued Nigel. "I'm sorry, my dear. I hate to be contrary but I can see he's a bit confused, and I do feel you should have the correct explanation. You see, Claire – I may call you Claire, mayn't I? – he's one of me."

"You're both Patricks?"

"Well, quite. Well, not quite. Not just Patricks . . . we're the same Patrick!"

"Oh, please!" I interrupted. "You're only confusing my friend."

"I am he, and he is me," pointed Chas.

"And we are all together," I concluded.

Claire studied me. "Well . . . aren't you the dark horse?"

Smiling thinly, I excused myself from the group. "Claire, Patricks, I've a room yet to circulate." Walking backwards into it, I requested not to be found.

Escape to Danger

11.39pm Packed to capacity, the corner of my seclusion was taken.

"So, Jackie, we meet again." Darren Barry, my junior school nemesis. We hated each other with a passion. Even aged nine, the only reason either of us attended school was to make the other's life miserable. He'd pull my hair, I'd nick his daps. He'd stuff my bag with grass and leaves, I'd frisbee his sandwiches high upon the art block roof. He'd laugh at my karate-chopping, playing *Charlie's Angels*, despite the obvious talent required to play that show individually. I'd laugh at his bow-legged *Planet of the Apes* enactments, shouting as he entered class: "Are you still doing it, Darren, as I can't tell the difference?" "You're not really like a girl," he'd say. "You are," I'd answer. "You're the biggest girl in the school."

The final end?

How stupid. How idiotic to forget it was a party of Claire's that'd previously reintroduced me, after an interval of 11 years, to my rival in torment. Darren. Short, dark hair, black canvas walking boots, black denim, black shirt, black heart. Six foot of evil to my five eight. We had talked, smirked and finally laughed. While lessons and teachers were half-forgotten, each individual hell we caused the other survived with sharpest clarity. It was our common bond, we were bound together in darkness. We'd made up, perhaps too much.

And here he was again, following a further gap of three years, addressing me like a character from my own video collection.

"You appear surprised to see me."

"More disappointed. I rather hoped I'd seen the last of you."

"At a party of Claire's? You have been naive. You look thirsty . . ."

"I am."

". . . and sexy."

"I still hate you, Darren."

"Of course. And I you. It's what we do."

"Good," I said. "As long as we understand each other. There's enough uncertainty in the universe as it is."

He laughed, asking if I still had a poster of Tom Baker above the bed, and whether I remembered him wondering if it was some form of protection. He leaned forward. "Are you here with anyone?"

"Don't play with my hair."

"Sorry. Well?"

"I snapped all the pencils in your Kevin Keegan pencil case," I evaded. "I used to draw a face in the thick school custard and cut at it, pretending it was yours." Illustrating, I criss-crossed his face with my finger; he kissed it as the nail brushed his lips.

"I spent weekends cutting you down with a light sabre, yet Monday morning you came back."

"A hundred times stronger," I answered.

"I loathed you. I'm still obsessed with loathing you. I watched that American *Doctor Who* because I knew you would be, and I hoped you hated it." He kissed my forehead.

"I hoped it'd run forever and that you, and all those who'd ever taken a jibe at me, would picture me delighted. I still torment you, yes?" I kissed him back. "If out, you see *Doctor Who* printed on a book, I haunt you, yes? If answering a trivia question or catching Peter Davison in a hopeless comedy, I fill your mind."

"Yes." He grabbed my waist. "I slaughter it in conversation through knowing you. I hate it because I love to hate you. You're the most 'like me' person I've ever known. You pressed drawing pins into my bike tyres. And three years ago, leaving as you slept, my bootlaces broke. They'd been snipped at with scissors."

"And I found my *Evil of the Daleks* cassettes in the toaster. Which room has Claire put the coats?" I asked. "Let's hate each other in there."

00.22am Claire was talking through the jar of the door. "There's another Patrick here."

"Two minutes," I said.

I trotted down the stairs, tidying myself, greeting the real Patrick in the hallway. "What are you doing here?"

"Celebrating, hopefully. I've just heard. It's why I've been so busy. Training courses, etcetera. It's promotion and transfer, hotel manager."

"Transfer?"

"To Leeds. And I want you to come with me."

"Four minutes," I said, pelting back upstairs, crashing into Chas on the landing.

"Don't go, Jackie. To Leeds, I mean."

I continued to the coat room, closing the door behind me. In the dark silence, I hated Darren one final time . . .

"I'll get in touch," I promised, and rejoined the landing. Darren was there.

"I've just left that room."

"What?"

Twisting the handle, he let the door swing naturally open. There was singing:

"Yes, he's the Pink Panther, the rinky-dink Panther, and it's as plain as your nose . . ."

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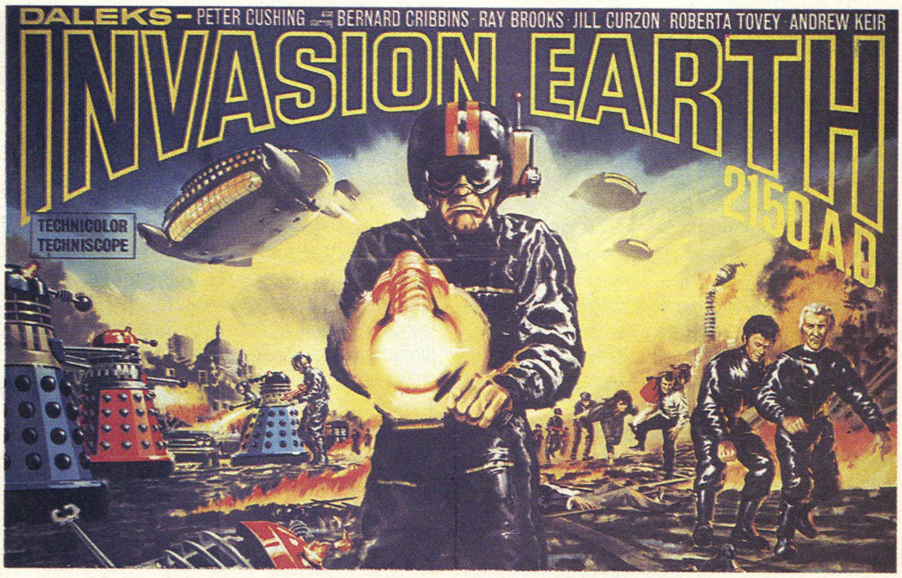
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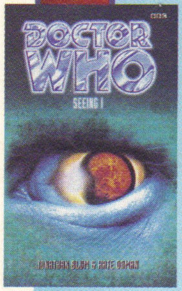
The Shelf Life Awards

While not attracting quite the same response as last year's grand story survey, hundreds of you wrote in to tell us what you thought about 1998's official and unofficial *Doctor Who* merchandise . . . So what were the highs and lows, the hits and the misses? Read on . . .

Eighth Doctor Novels

		No. expressing an opinion	Average mark as percentage
1	**Seeing I**	282	**84.2%**
2	The Janus Conjunction	205	**84.1%**
3	Placebo Effect	279	**73.5%**
4	Option Lock	282	**73.1%**
5	Vanderdeken's Children	259	**70.5%**
6	Kursaal	292	**69.2%**
7	The Scarlet Empress	256	**58.5%**
8	Beltempest	189	**56.2%**
9	Longest Day	292	**54.5%**
10	Dreamstone Moon	259	**49.1%**
11	Legacy of the Daleks	317	**46.2%**



"*Seeing I* . . . forms the apex of characterisation within the BBC Books *Doctor Who* range to date," said *Shelf Life* back in June, and it seems that many of you agree, with Kate Orman and Jon Blum's stylish novel stealing a narrow lead in this category. But there are conflicting trends at work here, with Trevor Baxendale's debut *The Janus Conjuction* only a hair's breadth behind. "A straightforward, well-focused story told without any personal agenda," said **DWM** at the time of publication. "A compulsory set text for those aspiring to join the ranks of *Doctor Who* authors." Calmly, and without fanfare, Trevor has made his mark among the more lauded movers and shakers of *Doctor Who* fiction.

Other newcomers have made a less successful first impression than Trevor, but still teach old hands Paul Leonard and John Peel a thing or two. Even with the help of the Daleks, and consequently much higher sales, John obviously failed to deliver the goods.

Other Doctor Novels

1	**The Hollow Men**	275	**83.2%**
2	Matrix	277	**80.4%**
3	The Infinity Doctors	280	**80.3%**
4	The Witch Hunters	262	**76.3%**
5	Dreams of Empire	248	**74.9%**
6	Short Trips	332	**74.8%**
7	The Face of the Enemy	297	**74.6%**
8	Eye of Heaven	283	**72.5%**
9	Zeta Major	270	**68.3%**
10	Mission: Impractical	250	**64.4%**
11	Last Man Running	247	**62.6%**
12	Catastrophea	278	**59.8%**

The Seventh Doctor headlines the top two novels here, each from writing teams. *The Hollow Men*, from Martin Day and Keith Topping, steals the lead over last year's winners Robert Perry and Mike Tucker with their second 'Season 27' story, *Matrix*.

DOCTOR WHO
THE HOLLOW MEN
MARTIN DAY & KEITH TOPPING

This category was renamed from 'past Doctor novels' to accommodate the highly original *The Infinity Doctors*. While Lance's tale of twisted Gallifreyan goings-on may not strictly be seen as part of either strand, it received an appreciation figure that would place it third in either list.

The short story collection *Short Trips* has also been placed in this table. Yes, we know it has Eighth Doctor stories in it, but we like the way it takes such an appropriately central position in the list.

But it is the fans-turned-novelists who dominate this table, as former TV series script writers Chris Boucher and Terrance Dicks ignominiously bring up the rear. Have the lunatics finally taken over the asylum?

Bernice's New Adventures

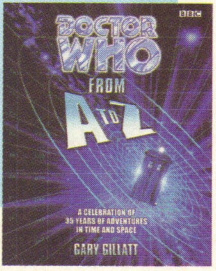
1	**Walking to Babylon**	126	**84.1%**
2	The Medusa Effect	95	**78.1%**
3	Dragon's Wrath	140	**77.6%**
4	Beige Planet Mars	95	**75.7%**
5	The Sword of Forever	87	**72.0%**
6	Beyond the Sun	158	**71.3%**
7	Down	138	**71.1%**
8	Dry Pilgrimage	90	**69.2%**
9	Tempest	94	**68.2%**
10	Oh No It Isn't!	153	**67.3%**
11	Deadfall	115	**66.8%**
12	Ghost Devices	97	**66.3%**
13	Mean Streets	132	**65.6%**
14	Oblivion	85	**65.1%**
15	Ship of Fools	137	**63.2%**
16	Another Girl, Another Planet	90	**57.1%**

Another success for Kate Orman here, as her epic *Walking to Babylon* proves the most popular of Bernice Summerfield's *New Adventures*. Congratulations also go to the prolific Justin Richards, who takes second and third place in this poll.

Note that only around half the number voting in the BBC section felt able to voice an opinion here – a ratio in line with the relative sales of the two ranges. However, the marks are consistently high, with only one book dropping below the 60% mark. Bernice's fans may be fewer in number than the Eighth Doctor's, but they seem happier with her exploits.

Non-fiction

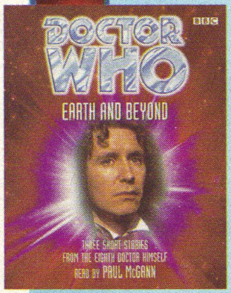
1	**From A to Z**	283	**84.3%**
2	The Seventh Doctor Handbook	250	**81.4%**
3	The Television Companion	261	**76.7%**
4	Five Rounds Rapid!	130	**72.2%**



High marks for all the books in this section suggest that there remains a future for *Doctor Who* non-fiction publishing. The fact that the top spot is taken by the opinionated *From A to Z* perhaps also suggests the direction in which that future may lie.

BBC Audio

1	**Earth and Beyond**	270	**78.4%**
2	**Short Trips**	282	**73.3%**
3	**Out of the Darkness**	159	**71.1%**

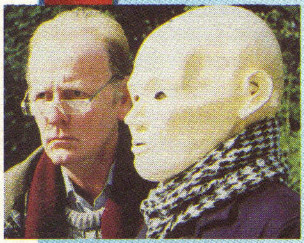

DOCTOR WHO
BBC
EARTH AND BEYOND
THREE SHORT STORIES FROM THE EIGHTH DOCTOR HIMSELF
READ BY PAUL McGANN

Paul McGann, perhaps predictably, is the champion in a narrow field here, although all three of these 'talking books' received a thumbs-up from readers.

Rumours of distribution problems with *Out of the Darkness* seem confirmed by the smaller number of votes it received compared to other titles in this well-regarded but now seemingly defunct range.

Spin-off videos

1	**Auton 2: Sentinel**	156	**82.4%**
2	**Where on Earth is Katy Manning?**	66	**77.1%**
3	**Auton**	246	**70.3%**
4	**Mindgame**	152	**53.4%**
5	**Lust in Space**	79	**51.2%**

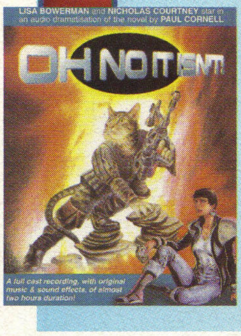


A resounding vote of confidence for the independently-produced drama which DWM claimed "actually eclipses the television series which inspired it" – a quote which makers BBV themselves haven't tired of plastering liberally over their sleeves and advertising ever since. The *Auton* duo's clear pre-eminence over the Sophie Aldred-headlining *Mindgame* and such all-star fare as *Lust in Space* clearly suggests that celebrities do not a must-buy make – it's story, story, story that counts. (Some swanky CGI doesn't hurt, either.)

Spin-off audios

1	**Oh No It Isn't!** [Bernice]	118	**86.1%**
2	**Beyond the Sun** [Bernice]	124	**81.2%**
3	**Island of Lost Souls** [Professor & Ace]	141	**77.3%**
4	**Republica** [Professor & Ace]	144	**74.9%**
5	**Prosperity Island** [Professor & Ace]	99	**72.5%**
6	**Left Hand/Darkness** [Professor & Ace]	89	**71.0%**
7	**The Other Side** [Professor & Ace]	76	**67.2%**

Big Finish's first two productions take the lead, auguring only the very best omens for their forthcoming licensed *Doctor Who* series. And note also that the total mark given *Oh No It Isn't!* is higher than anything else in this year's survey – could the new audio adventures grow to outclass the book series? Meanwhile, BBV's *Doctor Who*-by-any-other-name CDs suffer from the law of diminishing returns; despite a strong start, every successive adventure is deemed to be inferior to the one preceding it.


LISA BOWERMAN and NICHOLAS COURTNEY star in an audio dramatisation of the novel by PAUL CORNELL
OH NO IT ISN'T!
A full cast recording, with original music & sound effects, of almost two hours duration!

Doctor Who Magazine 261-273

Favourite issue

1	**DWM 272**	**204 votes**
2	**DWM 265**	**105**
3	**DWM 267**	**25**

Feature-packed 68-page anniversary issue!
DOCTOR WHO MAGAZINE
35 YEARS of monsters, mystery and mad adventures!

By an enormous margin, our huge 68-page 35th Anniversary issue steamrollers even last year's other special edition, *The DWM Awards* number, into submission. The same pattern was replicated in the 'favourite cover' category – groovy silver and/or luminous pinky-orange inks making all the difference, it seems. Special issues go down well – so will next month's CD-carrying New Look issue or October's 20th birthday party seize next year's crown?

Favourite special feature

1	**The DWM awards** [results from story survey with essays on the top ten serials]	**128 votes**
2	**With a little help from my friends** [writing for the Eighth Doctor]	**64**
3	**Coming in from the cold** [development of *The Ice Warriors* box set]	**60**
4	**Sex and the single Gallifreyan** [sexuality in *Doctor Who*]	**40**
5	**Spiking the canon** [what is 'real' *Doctor Who*?]	**39**

1 Genesis of the Daleks

The single largest survey of fan opinion ever undertaken takes pole position, settling once and for all whether or not *Carnival of Monsters* is better than *Frontios* (yes, it is – but only just . . .). Dave Owen's panel of Eighth Doctor writers has already prompted a semi-sequel on the *Missing Adventures*' authors; likewise, *Spiking the canon*'s popularity has inspired the follow-on *Thrilling Adventures in Time and Space* series.

Favourite interview

1	**Terrance Dicks**	**141 votes**
2	**Paul Cornell**	**70**
3	**Waris Hussein**	**50**
4	**Pickering/Ventham**	**25**
5	**Rouse/Hughes**	**22**

Doctor Who's foremost mentor/guru Terrance Dicks whips young pretender Paul Cornell, by taking twice as many votes – not to decry the impact made by Cornell's musings on radical, nineties *Who*. And the often uproariously funny 'double-act' interviews pioneered this year by DWM's Peter Griffiths have made a big impression . . .

Favourite comic strip

1	**Happy Deathday**	**201 votes**
2	**Wormwood**	**140**
3	**The Final Chapter**	**54**

PERHAPS I CAN WORK OUT OUR LOCATION WITH THIS EQUIPMENT.
OH, CUT OUT THE STOCK POSES AND FOLLOW ME...

The Beige Guardian gives both the Pariah and the meddlesome Luther a thorough trouncing, as the one-off *Mad* magazine-style antics in the 35th Anniversary issue sees off even last year's extraordinary 'Ninth Doctor' arc.

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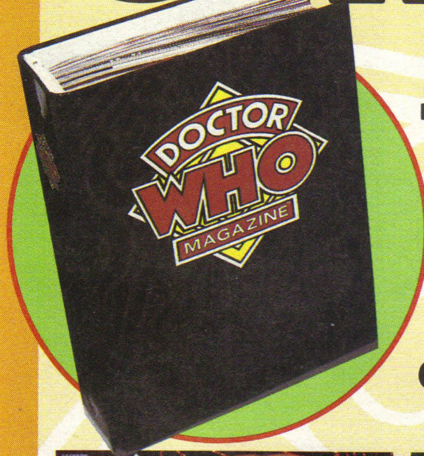

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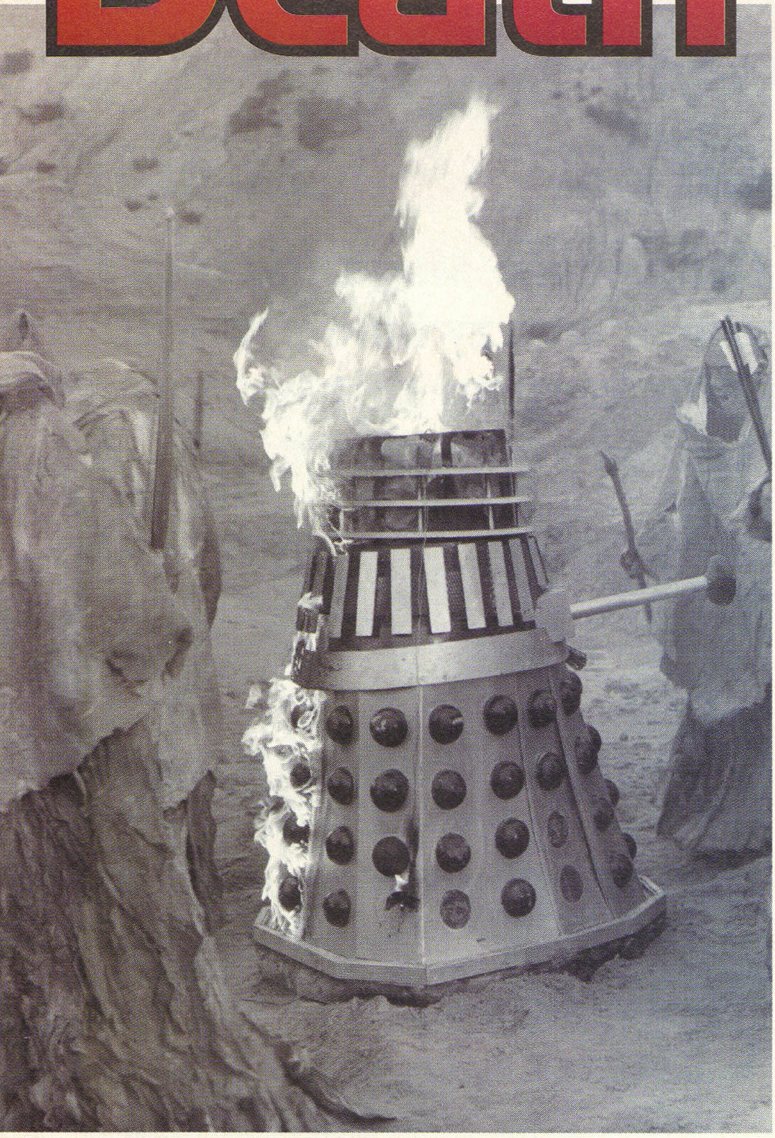
Death to the



Barbaric primitives, a marooned mercy mission, powerless Daleks and the Third Doctor clash in the 1974 tale which begat the best-selling *Doctor Who* video ever. Archivist: Andrew Pixley.

PART ONE

Heading for a holiday on Florana, the Doctor and Sarah Jane Smith find the TARDIS hit by a strange power drain. The ship falls dark and silent; the scanner first shows mist, then fails to operate. Opening the door with a crank handle, the pair explore the barren rocks around them. Sarah returns to the TARDIS to change out of her beachwear; there, she narrowly evades an attack from a cloaked figure and flees out onto the surface.

The Doctor is attacked and captured by two of the natives, but manages to overpower them and escape. He detects an ambush which has been set up beneath a rock face, and meets two men from Earth, Captain Richard Railton and Lieutenant Dan Galloway. They take him to a mining dome to meet the rest of their party – the wounded Commander Stewart, Lieutenant Peter Hamilton and geologist Jill Tarrant. All bar Jill are members of the Marine Space Corps, and have come to Exxilon to mine a mineral, parrinium, which can cure and give immunity to a disease which threatens ten million people on Earth's colonised Outer Worlds. Their ship was also crippled by the power drain on Exxilon, and they tell the Doctor of an amazing city, worshipped as a shrine by the Exxilons; trespassers there will be sacrificed.

Sarah sees the city – which is topped by a glowing beacon – and is captured at its walls by the Exxilons. Taken to their caverns, the High Priest decrees that she must die.

A spaceship lands nearby, which the MSC party believe is an Earth relief craft. When they and the Doctor go to welcome it, two Exxilons enter the dome and capture Stewart. The door of the spacecraft opens and four Daleks emerge, activating their weaponry on seeing the humans: "Fire-fire-fire!"

PART TWO

The Daleks' weaponry is useless, affected by the same power drain. It is suggested that both parties join forces, although both Galloway and Hamilton are reticent about this. The Doctor acts as mediator, and it transpires that the Daleks too are threatened by the disease. A truce to mine the parrinium is made until the power is returned; the Daleks, however, keep secret the fact that there are more than four of them . . . *En route* to the mining dome, the party is attacked by Exxilons; Railton is killed, and a Dalek destroyed. The others are forced to surrender when the Exxilons threaten to kill the captured Stewart. They are taken to the Exxilon cavern, where the Doctor breaks up the sacrificial ceremony that Sarah is being put through by the High Priest.

The Doctor, Sarah, humans and Daleks are imprisoned, but the Daleks attempt to strike a bargain with the Exxilon High Priest. A deal is made whereby the Exxilons will aid with the excavation after the Doctor and Sarah have been sacrificed. The dying Stewart has overheard Galloway's ruthless dealings with the Daleks, and his final order to Galloway is that Hamilton is promoted over him – an order which Galloway pretends he didn't hear. The ceremony for the Doctor and Sarah is disrupted when two Daleks enter, now armed with more primitive projectile firearms immune to the power drain. In the confusion, the Doctor and Sarah escape down the tunnel into which they were to be sacrificed; something that lives in the passages is clearly meant to complete the job.

The Daleks take command and enslave the Exxilons, agreeing to wipe out an Exxilon breakaway group. Two Daleks go into the tunnels after the Doctor and Sarah. The escapees reach a junction, where Sarah is left on guard; she is confronted by an Exxilon. The Doctor meanwhile, encounters a moving metal probe which rears up before him . . .

Peter Hamilton(Julian Fox), Jill Tarrant (Joy Harrison), Dan Galloway (Duncan Lamont) and the Doctor (Jon Pertwee), marooned and under attack . . .

PART THREE

Sarah discovers that the Exxilon is called Bellal, and his people are the renegades who do not worship the city and are dedicated to its destruction. They hide as the two Daleks arrive and head down different passages. One Dalek follows the Doctor, diverting the probe and allowing the Doctor to escape; the Dalek is destroyed. Bellal leads the Doctor and Sarah to safety, telling them how the Exxilons are an old race of supreme beings who once travelled through the universe. However, when

BBC Video [5]

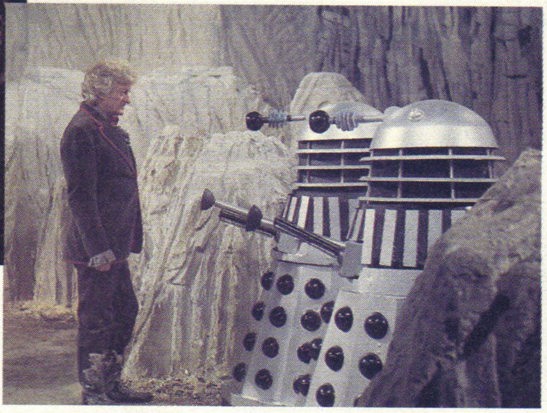
Daleks

Exxilon Bellal (Arnold Yarrow) and fallen friend

they built a 'perfect' city – a living thing which could protect itself – the city chose to destroy its creators. The Exxilons descended to primitivism, most worshipping the city as a god. It drains energy through the atmosphere and via root probes, like the one the Doctor encountered.

Galloway and the Daleks supervise the Exxilon work parties mining the parrinium; a Dalek is attacked and destroyed by a probe which rises from a lake. The Daleks take Hamilton and Galloway to plant explosives on the beacon of the city – which is believed to cause the power drain – while two Daleks will enter the city for investigation.

Bellal and the Doctor enter the city – one of the 700 wonders of the universe – by solving a puzzle involving symbols on a wall; Sarah, meanwhile, goes to prepare the human party for departure. The next test for the Doctor and Bellal is a maze, which they solve to move on into the city. The two Daleks are close behind, however. Turning a corner, the Doctor and Bellal see a red and white patterned floor. "Stop! Don't move!" snaps the Doctor . . .



PART FOUR

The Doctor guesses correctly that some parts of the pattern are lethal to set foot on, and negotiates the floor with the help of his sonic screwdriver. Although he and Bellal cross safely, the first of the Daleks barely withstands the 7000-volt shock which strikes it. As the Doctor and Bellal move on, their images appear on a monitor screen before a seated figure. There are further tests – a sound which makes Bellal attempt to kill the Doctor, then an illusionary assault on the senses – which the pair overcome.

That night, Sarah finds Jill at the mine workings, where they fill empty sacks with sand. Meanwhile, the Daleks have Hamilton and Galloway climb the beacon to place two bombs; Galloway, however, keeps one to himself.

The Doctor and Bellal enter the city control room, where the ancient seated figure collapses. The Doctor sets to work on the circuitry to engineer a nervous breakdown in the city's brain. The city defends itself by creating two antibodies which attack the Doctor and Bellal, but these are distracted by the arrival of the two Daleks. The city starts to break down, allowing the Doctor and Bellal to escape – just as the Daleks destroy the beacon. Once outside, they are re-united with Sarah and Jill, but then captured by a Dalek. Galloway and Hamilton have been used to load the parrinium sacks onto the Dalek ship; power has now been restored. The Daleks prepare to leave, announcing that they intend to fire a plague missile at the planet, killing the humans and preventing further landings. The ship takes off, but Galloway has hidden himself himself aboard with the second bomb; the vessel is destroyed. Sarah and Jill reveal that they switched sacks of parrinium for sacks of sand, and that the vital mineral is loaded on the Earth ship. The Doctor watches sadly as the Exxilon city melts: "Now the universe is down to 699 wonders . . ."

"Who're you kidding?"

Evading Exxilons and Daleks, the Doctor and Sarah escape into a network of underground tunnels – but a booming animal roar echoes around them . . .

SARAH That sounded awfully close.
DOCTOR Some sort of subterranean wind effect, I should think.
(*The roar comes again*)
SARAH Who're you kidding?
DOCTOR Myself, chiefly.

From Death to the Daleks *Part Two*
by Terry Nation

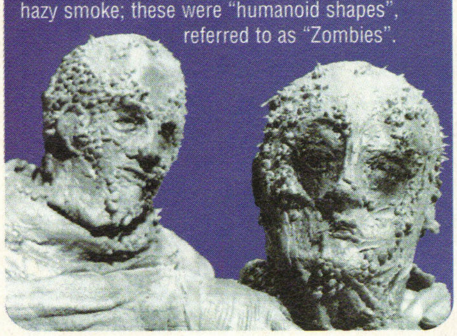
In Production

During 1971, it had been informally agreed between *Doctor Who* producer Barry Letts and Dalek creator Terry Nation that Nation should have first refusal on writing any further Dalek storylines. The creatures' reappearance always generated much press interest and saw the series' viewing figures increase; as such, Letts sought to strategically schedule Dalek serials mid-season as a ratings boost.

Nation had written scripts for *Destination Daleks* (later *Planet of the Daleks*) during July and August 1972, when he was also developing a pilot script for a new BBC post-disaster drama series, *The Survivors* (later *Survivors*), to be overseen by *Drama Playhouse* producer Anthony Coburn; simultaneously, he was developing scripts for the Gerry Anderson/ITC thriller series *The Protectors* and awaiting a decision as to whether or not the BBC was to proceed with a series based on *The Incredible Robert Baldick*, a pilot which had aired as part of *Drama Playhouse* on Monday 2 October 1972. In discussions concerning a Dalek serial for *Doctor Who*'s 11th season, script editor Terrance Dicks gave Nation a brief to write a space exploration story involving a quest to find a healing elixir which

SCRIPTING THE CITY

The City was described in Terry Nation's script for Part One as: "A towering building that resembles an Aztec temple. It . . . utterly dominates the landscape. It thrusts powerfully up to the sky, and at its uttermost peak is a glaring beacon that flashes intermittently. A building so great and magnificent that it must inspire awe in all who see it." Sarah goes towards the City believing it to be a place of sanctuary containing intelligent beings. The City's root-probe was "a metallic snakelike tentacle with suckers and a single lens eye". Inside the city, the first test for the Doctor and Bellal is "a 'Vladimir Koziakin' type maze. Highly complex and puzzling". The antibodies created by the City in Part Four were created behind screens filled with hazy smoke; these were "humanoid shapes", referred to as "Zombies".



will cure a plague. The elixir was to be held by a once-great civilisation which had reverted to barbarism and now worshipped symbols of high technology. Dicks also wanted the Daleks to be more peripheral to the plot about the elixir.

Nation was commissioned to write an untitled four-part Dalek storyline (referred to as *Dalek Story*) on Friday 23 March 1973 with a target delivery date of Monday 2 April; the BBC had decided in February not to proceed with *The Incredible Robert Baldick*. It seems that for a time the serial was known as *Doctor Who and the Exilons* before another title could be decided upon. Nation's storyline was delivered late on Friday 1 June, since Nation's wife Kate had recently given birth to their son, Joel. By now the serial was known as *Death to the Daleks*; after discussions with Dicks, Nation had become fascinated by the moral issues surrounding the city's functioning like a living organism.

Dicks decided to commission the four scripts on Wednesday 13 June. Around Monday 2 July, Nation and Dicks met for lunch and discussed the adventure's progress. The storyline, set in an alien jungle, had concerned a group of humans being hunted down by the Daleks; Dicks, feeling this to be too close to *Planet of the Daleks*, instead suggested that Nation should "think of a bleak, rocky, foggy quarry" and give the Earth party a base camp of their own. Nation was also given details of the Doctor's new companion, journalist Sarah Jane Smith, whom Dicks described as a bright girl who would work on a *Cosmopolitan* or *Nova*-type of magazine. This would be her third adventure and her first trip to another world, so Dicks wanted Nation to write her as still rather sceptical.

Although the city would have ejected the native Exilons, one or two would still use science while the others had reverted to primitive savagery. The Doctor was to save himself from death by striking a deal with the Exilons to deactivate the city while Sarah is held hostage; furthermore, the city would also be dependent upon the same chemical as the Daleks and humans. The end of the serial was to have the Daleks escaping with their cargo, the city dying, and the humans helping the Exilons to rebuild their civilisation in return for the valuable chemical. Recalling the blandness of the female Thal Rebec in *Planet of the Daleks*, Dicks also asked Nation to make the female member of the Earth party one of the main protagonists, or even an expedition leader.

The formal commission on Monday 2 July was for all four scripts under the title *Death to the Daleks*, with a target delivery date of Wednesday 1 August. Nation delivered his first script on Saturday 27 July, with the remaining instalments the following day. Allegedly it had been incoming script editor Robert Holmes, who trailed Dicks from early autumn 1973, who named the serial *Death to the Daleks*; Holmes had no particular liking for the famous metal invaders from Skaro. Holmes was credited as script editor with Dicks on the camera scripts, but had no on-screen billing. It was Holmes who asked for the elixir to be turned into a mineral, thus making the derivation of the (revised) word 'Exxilon' less obvious. The native Exxilons were envisaged by Nation as being rock-like, and were later referred to as "bat-like creatures" in the serial's Early Warning Synopsis.

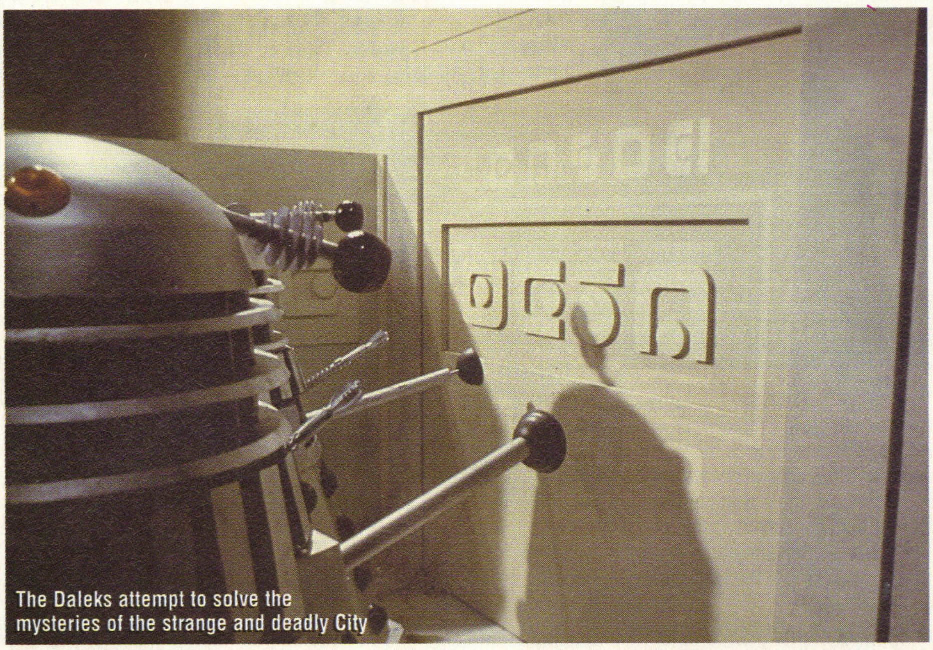
The film sequence detailing the Exxilon attack on the MSC/Dalek party in Part Two was different in the original script. The Daleks are able to detect movement at a distance of 106 yards precisely – which Hamilton cannot see – and boast that the Exxilons' primitive weaponry is ineffective against Dalek shielding ("All right then, cocky! Let's see the charge of the Dalek brigade," says Galloway). Galloway and the Doctor analyse how the Exxilons form attack groups, while the assault on the Dalek and its exploding comes after the Exxilons have brought forward Commander Stewart. The Daleks tell the group that they appeared to surrender in order to observe the natives more closely, which the Doctor remarks is a very "face-saving attitude".

The Daleks' normal weaponry is replaced by "a space-age version of a gun barrel. In effect, a machine pistol, with a rack of ammunition attached." It is explained in Part Two that the Daleks move by psychokinetic power, again emphasising the creature inside.

Bellal is described as "a short gaunt humanoid, very thin and perhaps most frightening he is totally white . . . not simply albino. But cleaningly white". Bellal is also described as a "spectral figure" while another of his race, Jebal, was to watch the Dalek mining process in Part Three: "For the purpose of script identification, we will refer to Bellal's group as 'Subterraneans'", noted Nation.

The director was Michael Briant, who had worked on the show since 1965 in various capacities, graduating to directing with *Colony in Space*, *The Sea Devils* and *The Green Death*; at the time, he was also working on episodes of *Dixon of Dock Green* and *Z Cars*. Colin Green, L Rowland Warne and Magdalen Gaffney were new to the series as designers of sets, costume and make-up respectively, but visual effects designer James Ward had worked on a number of serials since *Doctor Who and the Silurians* in 1969. Nation's script was very demanding, which – thinking it required resources more akin to those given a feature film – Briant found rather daunting.

The Head of Serials asked for a number of



The Daleks attempt to solve the mysteries of the strange and deadly City

> **"Death to the Daleks was by far the least interesting script I worked on. It was just another Dalek story"**
>
> **Michael E Briant**

BBC Video [5]

alterations to be made to Nation's scripts; these were executed by Holmes and passed on to Briant on Tuesday 30 October. In Part One, the attack on the Doctor would have to be carefully controlled, and certain elements of the Exxilon ceremony would have to be omitted. Similarly, in Part Two, Sarah could no longer be held by ropes in the ceremony and any anaesthetic would have to be inhaled from a chalice. In Part Three, a speech from Jill about the injustice of women being used for personal adornment was trimmed to remove references to Helen of Troy and Cleopatra, and a set of rewrites omitted one of the cave sets. Holmes also reduced the repetition of Bellal's dialogue in Part Four.

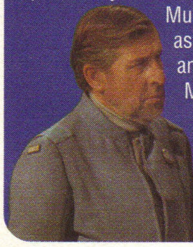
The venue chosen by production assistant Chris D'Oyly-John for the Exxilon exteriors was the ARC Sand Pits at Gallows Hill, near West Lulworth in Dorset. The BBC crew arrived on Sunday 11 November to start setting up, with the TARDIS prop, fake boulders and tracks for the Daleks being positioned on Monday 12.

Shooting on 16mm film began on Tuesday 13, the same day that the final recording for the preceding serial, *Invasion of the Dinosaurs*, took place at Television Centre in London; consequently, neither of the show's regular cast members – Jon Pertwee and Elisabeth Sladen – were available for filming. Work began at the Mining Area in 'Bill's Pit' at 12.30pm on the Part Three scenes involving the Daleks, some of the Earth party and a number of Exxilons. The set-piece scenes filmed on this generally sunny afternoon were those showing the city's probe emerging from the depths of the lake; the probe prop was manipulated on a fine piano wire (made visible by the sun's reflection) suspended from a cable strung between a hoist and a scaffolding tower erected on the side of the cliff. It was also very difficult to raise the prop from the water. Regular stuntman Terry Walsh – who arranged all the fights for the serial – appeared in a specially treated outfit as the Exxilon slave who catches fire when attacked by the probe. A dummy Dalek casing was blown up during this sequence. Shooting ended around 4.00pm as the light started to fade.

In the MSC mining dome, Jill, Galloway and Railton (John Abineri) tend to the ailing Stewart (Neil Seiler)

CASTING

Duncan Lamont, as Lieutenant Dan Galloway [*pictured*], was *Death to the Daleks*' main guest star. Lamont was a highly experienced Scots stage and film actor whose movie career included *Murder at the Gallop* and *Arabesque*; on television he had featured in *The Quatermass Experiment*, *Dial 999* and played Sergeant Cooper in *Dixon of Dock Green*. John Abineri, playing Captain Richard Railton, had previously appeared in *Doctor Who* as Van Lutyens in *Fury From the Deep* and Carrington in *The Ambassadors of Death*; he had also starred in the BBC serials *The Last of the Mohicans* and *Hawkeye the Pathfinder*. Playing Lieutenant Peter Hamilton was Julian Fox, who went on to feature in *The Nation's Health*; Roy Heymann, playing the subterranean Exxilon Gotal (originally 'Jebal'), was an actor of small build whom director Michael Briant had previously cast as an Alien Priest in *Colony in Space*. The three Daleks were operated by the trio of John Scott Martin, Peter Murphy Grumbar and Cy Town as per both *Frontier in Space* and *Planet of the Daleks*; Martin and Grumbar had been Dalek operators since the sixties, whereas Town had joined the show in 1972; this was to be Grumbar's final appearance.



It was decided to lay sand-coloured railway tracks so the Elemac dollies, on which film cameras were normally mounted for tracking shots, could cope with the rough terrain. This also meant that the three Dalek props could be mounted on the dollies and so make their way around the quarry smoothly, with the rails kept out of shot; they could also be pulled along on wire if necessary. However, the operators inside could easily run out of control; Murphy Grumbar's Dalek fell off the rails, while John Scott Martin's ran away down an inclined piece of track and crashed into the others.

The ten basic Exxilon costumes were made from calico and terylene wadding dipped in latex and silica to give it a rock-like texture; wood dyes were used for the colouring, and spray plastic was added for extra detail. The masks were designed by L Rowland Warne and made by visual effects assistant John Friedlander, who received a special credit for the serial.

Letts wanted the renegade subterranean Exxilons to look distinctly different, so Warne designed these without the stone-like wrapping and gave them tight rock-like bodies, with fluorescent paint streaks akin to quartz strata. It was intended that Front Axial Projection could be used to make the streaks appear to glow, as if the Exxilons' bodies had picked up a form of radiation within the tunnels. The three costumes which were made in this manner were very constricting and had to be glued together on the actor; the only way the artistes inside could remain cool was to remove the coloured plastic eyes set into the headpieces.

Work on Wednesday 14 began at 7.45am with the completion of the sequences at the first mining area. Around 9.00am, the crew moved to the second mining area (where tracks for the Daleks had also been laid) to shoot the sequence between the humans and Daleks where the MSC crew were split up; for this scene, a silvered tube was fitted to one of the cameras to give a shot from a Dalek's point-of-view. That morning, Pertwee and John Abineri, playing Railton, joined the cast for shooting from 1.15pm. Pertwee was now becoming bored with the series, and could be quite irritable. Although pleased to be free of the confines of the studio, he was less than happy to be working with the Daleks again; not only did he find them ineffective, he also thought they upstaged him.

That afternoon, the boulder ambush sequence for Part One was filmed with Pertwee, Abineri, Duncan Lamont and two Exxilons; as usual, Walsh doubled for Pertwee in the fight sequence

DESIGN THE DALEKS

Four Daleks were used in total. The three principal casings had been in use since the sixties; one of these was given a new dome section made for *Planet of the Daleks*, which incorporated red lights. Since their previous appearance, the Daleks had been in the news when two had been stolen on their way back to the BBC in London from an appearance in Wales; *Blue Peter* broadcast an item about the bizarre theft on Thursday 7 June, when it was also covered in the *Daily Mail*. The Daleks were recovered on Saturday 9 when one was found by two nurses and the other by a businessman, under a tarpaulin in his garage; *Blue Peter* and *John Craven's Newsround* covered the result of the Dalek-hunt two days later. At the request of director Michael Briant, the Daleks were repainted in a silver livery akin to their original 1963 colouring. Visual effects designer James Ward used a form of pellet-firing gun from the armourer Baptys to make the new projectile weaponry required by the Daleks in the script; the operators found the reverberating sound of the gunfire inside the Dalek casings to be quite deafening.

between the Doctor and Galloway after the release of the boulder – a lightweight prop. Stuntman Max Faulkner stood in for the originally-booked action expert Alan Chuntz as one of the Exxilons.

Thursday 15 was spent in 'Dixie's Pit', working on the Exxilon ambush sequence for Part Two. Joining the cast was Neil Seiler as Commander Stewart, who had previously appeared for Briant as a radio operator in *The Sea Devils*. Filming began at 7.45am in this third area, where Dalek tracks had again been laid. Walsh arranged the action sequence, which involved the use of bows and arrows; clever editing and camera angles were used to hide the fact that the arrow shafts had already been inserted into the costumes of their targets, including Railton and one of the Exxilons. The Dalek point-of-view shot was used again, and the set-piece was the exploding and burning dummy Dalek which the Exxilons surrounded. The rock-like Exxilon costumes were so effective that two of the extras went 'missing', having fallen asleep on the rough ground.

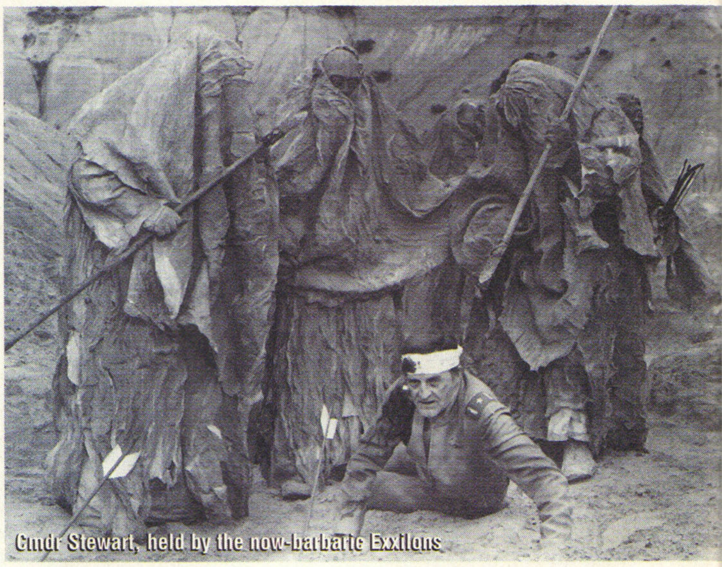
'Bill's Pit' was the setting on Friday 16 November, when Sladen joined Pertwee to film a number of scenes for Part One. Shooting began at 7.45am with the shots of the TARDIS materialising (without its light glowing); these scenes were shot using dark filters over the cameras to give the impression of night, and visual effects mist added to the atmosphere. Walsh then filmed the opening sequence in which MSC crewman Jack is shot with an arrow and falls into one of the quarry's pools; the arrow was inserted into Walsh's costumes and pulled out on a wire, with the sequence later being shown in reverse. The scene showing the Doctor being attacked by the Exxilons was filmed next, followed by the scenes featuring Sarah, the Exxilons and the TARDIS. The scenes with Sladen continued until 3.30pm, when the actress sprained her right ankle running across the muddy sand. Luckily, nearly all the shots of Sladen which Briant required had been captured on film, and the crew wrapped as planned.

The final location day was Monday 19 November, which was again spent at 'Bill's Pit'; this required Pertwee and his double Walsh, plus stuntmen Faulkner and Marc Boyle as the two Exxilons whom the Doctor overpowers in the Part One fight. Day-for-night shooting was again used, with flaming torches also on hand.

The cast assembled for the read-through of all four episodes at the BBC's Acton Rehearsal Rooms on Wednesday 21; rehearsals continued the following day, leading up to the first recording block. By now, cast and crew were aware that Letts, too, was leaving the series. Having seen *Doctor Who* through an uncertain transition into the seventies and set new standards, Letts was keen to work on other drama shows. Dicks' *Moonbase 3* series had not been renewed after its first season had attained very low ratings, and scripts for John Lucarotti's three-part adaptation of CS Forrester's *Lt Hornblower* had been commissioned. By November, ATV script editor Philip Hinchcliffe had been appointed to succeed Letts at the end of the recording block, in the spring of 1974.

Joining the cast for studio were Mostyn Evans as the Exxilon High Priest, Arnold Yarrow as Bellal and Michael Wisher, who provided the Dalek voices. Evans was cast because for his voice, and had been used by Briant as Dai Evans in *The Green Death* a few months earlier. Yarrow, a writer/actor who had also been a script editor on *Softly, Softly: Task Force*, was cast due to his small stature; Letts had reasoned that the subterranean Exxilons would have adapted to life in tunnels. Wisher had provided Dalek voices for both *Frontier in Space* and *Planet of the Daleks*, and had appeared in *The Ambassadors of Death*, *Terror of the Autons* and *Carnival of Monsters*.

There were various changes made to the script during rehearsals. Some dialogue between the Doctor and the MSC party prior to the arrival of the Dalek ship was dropped: Galloway is wary about the Doctor taking over, with the Doctor stating, "My only concern, Lieutenant, is for those dying millions." Railton then says that they would be happy to join forces, although Galloway says he takes his orders from Stewart. Also, part of the film sequence in which the Doctor meets Railton and Galloway was cut; noticing the laser pistols in the men's belts, the Doctor asks why they don't use them, leading Railton to explain about the power drain. This explanatory material was reworked and transferred to the scenes in the MSC dome.



Cmdr Stewart, held by the now-barbaric Exxilons

BBC Video [6]

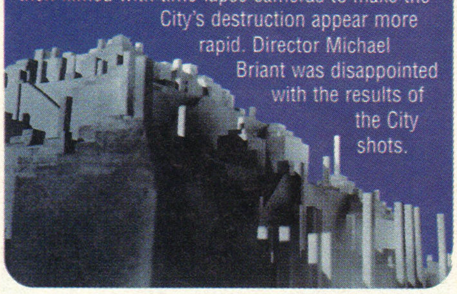
Briant opted to use his two allocated studio days in a different manner to most directors. It was usual at this time to record the bulk of two episodes on the two different days, with camera rehearsals in the afternoons and actual recordings – largely in sequence – in the evenings. Briant's approach to the recording schedule would mean that elements of all four episodes would be recorded in both studios, to save erecting any of the sets twice. Because of this disjointed nature, he opted to schedule camera rehearsals for all of his first studio day, and then record in three sessions on the second day.

Monday 3 December, therefore, saw cast-only rehearsals in Television Centre Studio 4 (scheduled as Studio 3) prior to recording on Tuesday 4. Unfortunately, a number of problems were encountered on the first day. Most of the TARDIS set was missing, and the Police Box prop itself had not been delivered to the studio. Some of the smaller props, meanwhile, had been delivered to the wrong studio, and one of the backdrop gauzes was ripped. Briant decided to press ahead and rehearse out-of-sequence, starting with the sand dune scenes, but the Dalek props were required for these, and they had not yet arrived. In addition, the inability to light the relevant sets caused Briant to lose 90 minutes' camera rehearsal.

The loss of rehearsal made work even more stressful on Tuesday 4. Three taping sessions were arranged: for 10.30am to noon, for 2.30 to 5.30pm and then 7.30 to 10.00pm. A second photocall centred on Bellal, who had not appeared on film; shots were also taken of the Daleks and Pertwee. The new method of recording proved very exhausting for cast and crew, and contributed to Pertwee's uneasiness in studio.

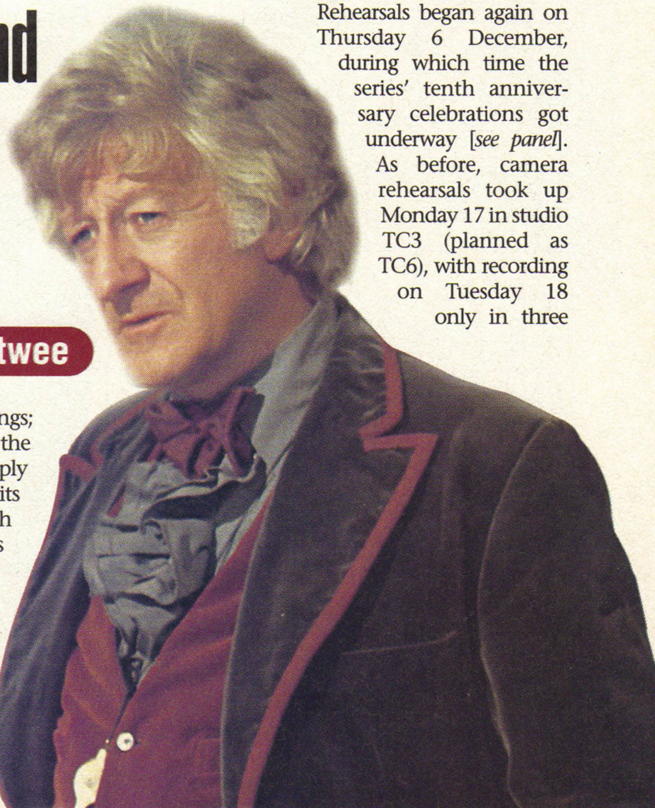
MODEL FILMING

A number of model shots were pre-filmed for use in the serial, including: the Dalek saucer in flight and landing in Part One; close-ups of the probe in the quarry in Part Three; establishing shots of the City in Parts Three and Four; the beacon collapsing and the City melting in Part Four; and the Dalek ship departing and exploding in Part Four. The City prop was carved from polystyrene, and had heat sources directed at it to make it melt; this was then filmed with time-lapse cameras to make the City's destruction appear more rapid. Director Michael Briant was disappointed with the results of the City shots.



On location at the West Lulworth sandpit. Note the Dalek rails

> **"We did several Dalek stories and I squirmed my way through each and every one of them. Couldn't bear the things . . ."**
>
> **Jon Pertwee**



Recording in the morning session began with the Part One TARDIS scenes, using the set constructed for *The Three Doctors* augmented by a wooden cupboard, the storage chest (seen in serials such as *The Wheel in Space* and *The Mind Robber*) and the eagle lectern (from *The Claws of Axos* and *The Time Monster*). Minor modifications had been made to the console since its last appearance in *Planet of the Daleks*; a hole created in *The Time Monster* had been covered by a panel, and a number of lights were added to indicate the power failure. Small hexagonal lights were placed high on the roundel walls, and a crank handle fixture was placed near the exterior doors so that they could be opened manually. A small flash-charge was placed on the console to detonate on cue; a yellow CSO flat was used for the scanner, and Pertwee and Sladen's voices were echoed to emphasise the 'death' of the TARDIS. For the sequence in which an Exxilon attacks Sarah in the TARDIS, the creature was largely unseen and sacking placed around the camera lens showed Sarah from the alien's point-of-view. Recording then continued with the Part One night-time scenes showing the TARDIS in the sand dunes, before moving onto further Part One scenes set in both the sand dunes and the MSC dome. The Earth party's base was a composite model electronically inserted into the main sand dune set via the Colour Separation Overlay technique.

Afternoon recording continued with more scenes in the dunes and outside the dome for Part One, before moving onto the sequences showing the Daleks emerging from their spaceship. For these scenes, one of the dummy Daleks from *Planet of the Daleks* was painted in the Daleks' new colours to join the three working casings; so all four Daleks could emerge from the spaceship in Part One, a stagehand simply pushed the dummy into shot behind its compatriots. Recording continued with Dalek spaceship and sand dune scenes for Part Two; CSO was also used for the Dalek spaceship, with a new version of Visual Effects' pre-filmed model [*see panel*] appearing in studio. Recording breaks were scheduled so the Dalek guns could be changed before taping scenes in the dunes for Parts Two and Four. Walsh performed a stunt fall from a ledge as the Exxilon shot by the Daleks in Part Two. Various other scenes in the sand dunes for Parts Three and One included establishing shots of characters approaching the City; a second version of the City model had been brought into studio with CSO again used to place it behind the actors; a star filter on the camera emphasised the beacon's pulsing light. There were further scenes among the dunes and outside the Dalek ship, including the Part Four night-time scenes showing Sarah and Jill at the mining site.

The evening recording began with taping of the scenes in the Great Cavern and its adjoining cell for Parts One and Two; the Exxilons' chanting was plainsong from the BBC stock music library. Point-of-view shots were again used where the Doctor is overpowered in Part Two. The dome scenes for Parts One and Two were taped next; these included the Doctor being shown colour photographs of the model city. As a consequence of the rehearsal problems, the recording over-ran by 20 minutes.

Rehearsals began again on Thursday 6 December, during which time the series' tenth anniversary celebrations got underway [*see panel*]. As before, camera rehearsals took up Monday 17 in studio TC3 (planned as TC6), with recording on Tuesday 18 only in three

ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATIONS

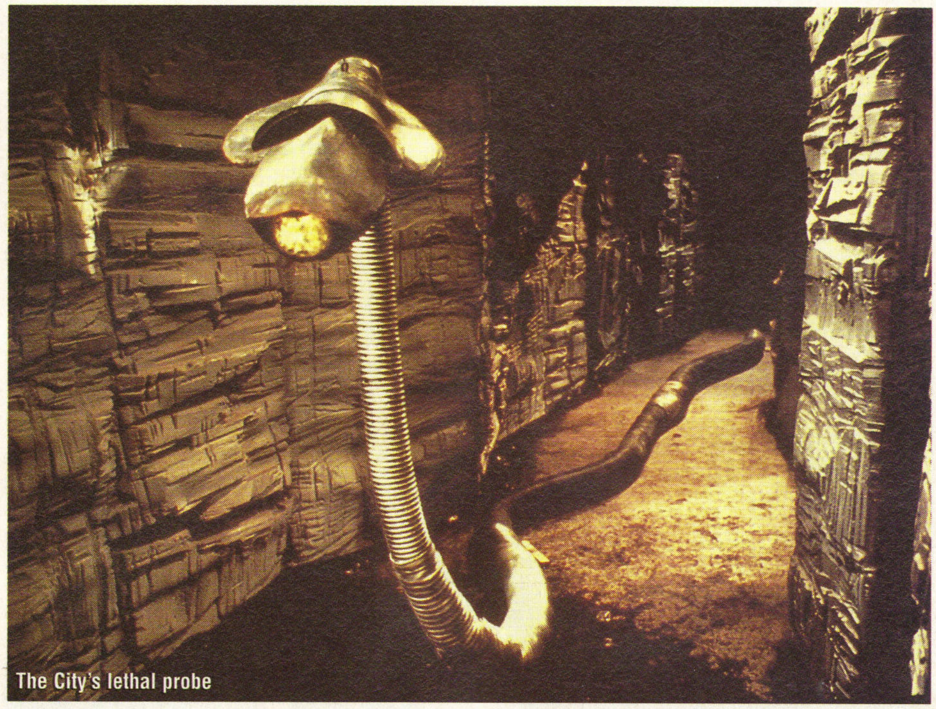
The tenth anniversary of *Doctor Who*'s first transmission fell during production of *Death to the Daleks*. Dalek creator Terry Nation was interviewed on BBC Radio 4's *Today* programme on Friday 7 December, but the main party to celebrate the show's first decade was held on Monday 10. Jon Pertwee and Elisabeth Sladen attended a photocall (which also promoted Sladen's impending debut) along with producer Barry Letts, Nation, effects godfather Bernard Wilkie and a dummy Dalek. *The Times* covered this event with a short article, and on Saturday 15 December *The Sun* ran an item entitled *Problems of Being a Monster* focusing on Dalek operators Murphy Grumbar, John Scott Martin and Cy Town. On Friday 14, script editor Terrance Dicks appeared on *Nationwide* where he discussed both the new season and the series' being given the BAFTA award for Children's Drama with presenter Michael Barratt; this eight-minute insert included extracts from *The Sea Devils* Episode Six, *The Green Death* Episode Three and *Planet of the Daleks* Episode Three.

sessions. Taping began with scenes set inside the Dalek spaceship for Parts Two and Three; this had been designed by Green along the lines of the technology seen in the early sixties Dalek serials. For the Part Two scene where the Daleks test their new weaponry, a "baby TARDIS" was used as the creatures' target; a sheet of Plexiglas protected the camera crew from the shots (the script had indicated that the Daleks should simply fire on a "Small object on bench"). The crew then moved to the group of sets which formed the rock tunnels seen in Parts Two and Three; here, attempts to use the Front Axial Projection effect on the subterranean Exxilon costumes worked successfully, whereas bright studio lighting in the previous session had diminished the effect. The City probe prop appeared in studio for the cliffhanger of Part Two; flash charges were placed on the rock walls and an exploding prop Dalek was used as the probe's shots hit home.

The remainder of recording was taken up with scenes involving the City, starting with the scenes on the exterior section of wall for Parts One, Three and Four. FAP was again used on the symbols and panels on the walls, making them glow on cue, and the Dalek point-of-view tube was re-employed at the start of Part Four. A wind machine was used to simulate high-altitude gusts of air in close shots of Fox and Lamont during Galloway's and Hamilton's scaling of the City in Part Four.

Part Four's City interior sets were extensively reused, with one room doubling for several different chambers (the first with the maze was also the room of the mental assault, for example). The maze on the wall also used FAP, and the corridors made use of stock wall dividers from *The Time Monster*. For the sequence involving the deadly patterned floor, a spark generator image was superimposed over both the Doctor's five peseta piece and the Dalek which attempted to cross the area. Gunshots tore through a paper version of the floor pattern, and these shots were crossfaded back to an undamaged version in order to show the City repairing itself. The City Control Room had a large yellow CSO screen on which the seated Exxilon figure monitored the Doctor and Bellal. The mental attack on the Doctor and Bellal used camera lenses to give multiple images, distorted images reflected off Mirrorlon, CSO effects and also recolourising using a four-level colour synthesiser.

When the Doctor and Bellal arrive at the Control Room, a roll-back-and-mix effect was used to show the wall vanishing, with a similar effect making the slumped Exxilon figure disappear. CSO and inlay was used to make the two antibodies appear; one of these was Walsh who, wearing a bullet-proof vest beneath his costume, was able to have the Daleks fire blanks at him. One of the zombie figures also pulled a gun-arm out of one of the Dalek casings.



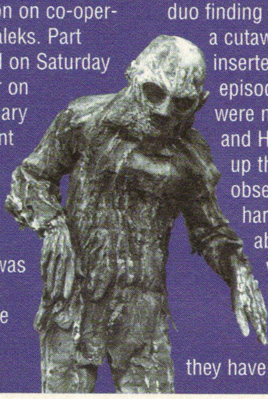
The City's lethal probe

With recording completed, the cast and crew had a break over Christmas and New Year before production began on *The Monster of Peladon* in early January 1974. One of the newly repainted Daleks made its BBC1 debut on the Friday 21 December 1973 edition of *Pebble Mill at One* along side Second Doctor actor Patrick Troughton, Bernard Wilkie, young fan Matthew Jones (son of Paul, who had featured in *Radio Times*) and a host of other monsters.

To emphasise the Daleks' loss of power, Briant elected to use a style of music score different to the electronic/conventional mixes then favoured by the collaborations between Dudley Simpson and Dick Mills of the BBC Radiophonic Workshop. On Monday 3 September, Briant requested the services of Carey Blyton, who had previously scored *Doctor Who and the Silurians*, to compose tracks for the serial; the London Saxophone Quartet was contracted to perform the score. After an initial meeting in October and two playback sessions in early January, the first music recording session was held on Sunday 20 January at the BBC's Lime Grove studios between 3.00 and 6.00pm; Carey conducted the four saxophonists and a percussionist to record around 12 minutes' music for Parts One and Two. These first two episodes were then dubbed at Maida Vale on Wednesday 23. On Sunday 27, another session was held to create about ten minutes' music for Parts Three and Four; dubbing took place on Thursday 31. For the Dalek spaceship interior in Part Four, Mills used the original Dalek city sound

EDITING

A small amount of dialogue was cut from the start of Part Two; here, Railton tells Galloway and Hamilton that he is still in command, and so he will make the decision on co-operating with the Daleks. Part Three was edited on Saturday 12 and Part Four on Tuesday 15 January 1974; at this point it was discovered that Part Three was running short while Part Four was over-length. Consequently, the cliffhanger between the two episodes was moved from the direct threat to the Doctor and Bellal of the Daleks cornering them in the alcove to a more passive sequence showing the duo finding the patterned floor – a cutaway shot of which was inserted to conclude the episode. Several other cuts were made: as Galloway and Hamilton start to climb up the city walls, Galloway observes that only a handful of Daleks are able to dominate the whole planet. Hamilton says that they should have acted sooner – now they have left their opposition too late. Galloway, however, is not so sure. The end of the next scene was cut: as a Dalek approaches where Jill is furtively talking to Sarah, Jill tells Sarah that she cannot run or the Dalek will see her. Sarah flattens herself behind the rock as the Dalek says that it has heard voices. At the beacon summit, the end of the Galloway/Hamilton scene was removed; Galloway has decided to keep one of the bombs, although he does not know how to use it yet. The two men then make a great show of pretending to set the device. Close-ups of the timing mechanism on the bombs were cut, along with shots of Hamilton checking his watch.



BBC Video [5]

> **"Really it was feature film material. We were being asked to do impossibilities!"**
>
> **Michael E Briant**

effects from 1963. Some stock Peruvian temple music was also used over shots of the City in Parts One and Three.

Illustrations by artist Peter Brookes accompanied *Radio Times'* listings for the serial; these showed Sarah running from an Exxilon, a group of Daleks, and Bellal with the Doctor. On Saturday 9 March, an extract from Part Three – the episode due for broadcast that afternoon – was previewed on *The Afternoon Programme*.

Despite a high rating for Part Three which placed it in the week's Top 20 programmes, audiences for *Death to the Daleks* were generally down on those for *Invasion of the Dinosaurs*, although the audience reaction index remained reasonable. Against *Doctor Who*, the ITV regions were broadcasting shows such as *Reg Varney* (LWT), *Candid Camera* (Yorkshire/Granada) and the popular martial-arts western *Kung Fu* (Southern).

The day the serial began transmission, *The Sun's* Chris Kenworthy penned a piece about how he found the Daleks boring, with further comments about how the programme in general appeared rather ineffectual. There were other newspaper items around this time in which Nation fielded awkward questions about both lady Daleks and Mrs Who, and it was also pointed out that 'dalek' means 'far and distant thing' in Serbo-Croat.

From 1974, BBC Enterprises offered *Death to the Daleks* for overseas sale as either colour videotapes or monochrome 16mm film recordings. In Australia, ABC received the serial in September 1974 and cleared it for broadcast with a 'G' rating after two cuts had been made (the removal of the Part One's opening film sequence showing the spaceman being speared, plus the shock close-up of Bellal from Part Three); the show was repeated in 1978. New Zealand broadcast the show in August 1976 with repeats in October/November 1986. Hong Kong and Swaziland purchased the programme in 1978; TV Ontario in Canada also aired the serial in 1978 with a repeat in 1980.

Both the Dalek spaceship and Exxilon City effects were included on *Doctor Who – BBC Sound Effects No 19*, an LP and cassette issued by BBC Records in May 1978. Terrance Dicks' novelisation, *Doctor Who: Death to the Daleks*, was issued in paperback by Target Books in July 1978, with a WH Allen hardback in August; both bore a Roy Knipe cover painting of an exploding Dalek which was later much used in WH Allen promotional material and issued as a poster. The book was reissued in April 1991 with a new cover by Alister Pearson.

Death to the Daleks was considered for a summer 1980 repeat as part of then producer John Nathan-Turner's desire for 'past Doctor' re-runs. For some reason, the BBC Videotape Archives lost the tape of Part One of *Death to the Daleks* during the late seventies, although the fact was not registered for some years; however, a studio recording of the afternoon of Tuesday 4 December 1973 survived intact. In the early eighties, a 525-line NTSC print of the missing episode was returned to the BBC. The serial was sold to North America around 1982, where it also airs as a compilation of one hour 35 minutes' duration. Germany purchased the show in the late eighties.

BBC Enterprises released a compilation version of *Death to the Daleks* on videotape in July 1987. In 1991, a member of the Amateur Television Society came forward with a 625-line two-inch copy of Part One, from which the BBC took a D3 copy. A copy of the serial is also held by the National Film and Television Archive.

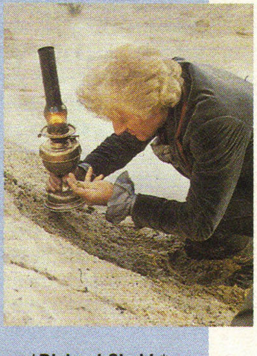
UK Gold broadcast the serial in both December 1993 and August 1995, with compilation screenings in January 1994, August 1995 and March 1997. Sections of the existing studio spool appeared on the BBC Video documentary *More Than 30 Years in the TARDIS* in November 1994. *Death to the Daleks* was re-released by BBC Video in February 1995, this time in episodic form; despite a "complete & unedited" tag, the tape contained a number of minor edits. DWM

SERIAL XXX **DEATH TO THE DALEKS**

CAST **Jon Pertwee** *Doctor Who* with **Terry Walsh** *Spaceman** [1], **Elisabeth Sladen** *Sarah Jane Smith*, **Duncan Lamont** *Dan Galloway***, **John Abineri** *Richard Railton*** [1-2], **Julian Fox** *Peter Hamilton***, **Joy Harrison** *Jill Tarrant*, **Neil Seiler** *Commander Stewart* [1-2], **Mostyn Evans** *High Priest* [1-2], **Michael Wisher** *Dalek voices*; **John Scott-Martin**, **Cy Town**, **Murphy Grumbar***** *Dalek Operators*; **Arnold Yarrow** *Bellal* [2-4], **Roy Heymann** *Gotal* [3]; **Terry Walsh**, **Steven Ismay** *Zombies** [4]

*Not billed on-screen, billed in *Radio Times*

** *Radio Times* billings are Lt Dan Galloway, Capt Richard Railton and Lt Peter Hamilton



EXTRAS **Steven Ismay**, **Kevin Moran** *Exxilons*; **Marc Boyle**, **Max Faulkner** *Stuntmen/Exxilons*; **Bob Blaine**, **Leslie Bates**, **Roy Pearce**, **Terry Denville**, **David Rolfe**, **Derek Chafer**, **Nigel Wynder**, **Dennis Plenty**, **Mike Reynel**, **Terry Sartain** *Exxilons*; **Tex Fuller** *Exxilon Messenger*, **Terry Walsh** *Stuntman/Burning Exxilon*.

CREDITS *Written by* **Terry Nation**. *Fights arranged by* **Terry Walsh**. *Title Music* **Ron Grainer and BBC Radiophonic Workshop**. *Title Sequence* **Bernard Lodge**. *Music composed and conducted by* **Carey Blyton** *and played by* **The London Saxophone Quartet**. *Special Sound* **Dick Mills**. *Visual Effects* **Jim Ward***. Masks **John Friedlander***. *Costume Designer* **L Rowland Warne***. *Make-Up* **Magdalen Gaffney*** [and **Cynthia Goodwin**, uncredited on film]. *Film Cameraman* **Bill Matthews***. *Film Sound* **Bill Chesneau***. *Film Editor* **Bob Rymer***. *Studio Lighting* **Derek Slee***. *Studio Sound* **Richard Chubb***. *Script Editor* **Terrance Dicks** [and **Robert Holmes**, uncredited]. *Designer* **Colin Green**. *Producer* **Barry Letts**. *Directed by* **Michael Briant**. BBC © 1973

*Credited on Parts One and Four

ORIGINAL TRANSMISSION *

Episode	*Transmitted*	*Time*	*Drn.*	*Rating (pos.)*	*A.App*
Part One	23 February 1974	5.30-5.55pm	24'32"	8.1M (49th)	61
Part Two	2 March 1974	5.30-5.55pm	24'25"	9.5M (30th)	-
Part Three	9 March 1974	5.30-5.55pm	24'24"	10.5M (20th)	61
Part Four	16 March 1974	5.30-5.55pm	24'35"	9.5M (21st)	62

*BBC Cyrmu transmitted the serial at 4.45pm (scheduled 4.50pm) on 24 February, 4.55pm on 3 March, 3.50pm on 10 March and 4.15pm on 17 March

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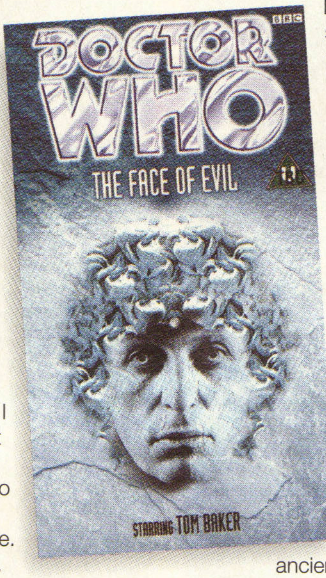


Considering the sources exploited under Philip Hinchcliffe's producership, Chris Boucher must have been as surprised as anyone to find his debut script a studio reality. One can imagine script editor Robert Holmes frantically waving the serial's early drafts in one hand and tearing through a book of cinema's horror greats with the other, weeping "Dammit, I can't chuffin' recognise it anywhere!" I can see a plot being hatched at a crisis meeting held just as the recording dates loomed, put into action by a series of furtive phone calls: "Hi, Chris. Bob here. Loved *The Day God Went Mad*. Small suggestion though, poppet – how about resetting it in Paris? We can have a morgue, some murders and a bloody great gorilla . . ."

The Face of Evil has wandered lost into *Doctor Who*'s 14th season. Set against the more obvious grotesque horrors therein, its high concept, literary science fiction plays listless, and the finished production knows it. The desire to tell a story other than the era's usual reanimation of a long-dead menace is laudable – but, having taken the plunge, it loses its bottle. It sways between the conflicting needs to serve Boucher's lofty ideas and satisfy the audience's expectation of monster show thrills. The script suggests that, in researching *Doctor Who*, the writer watched an awful lot of *Star Trek* – and with the thankless attempts made in studio to continue the programme's house style, it appears only he was unaware how awkwardly the graft had taken.

Therefore, we have the Evil One's creatures. Huge and invisible, they kick, crush and leave the footprints of prehistoric beasts, yet when given form, are seen to be but limbless phantom images of the Doctor's head, incapable of leaving a print on anything unless we imagine them, rather comically, hopping along on their necks. We are shown sinister shadows, forced to ask ourselves what terrors lie behind the Mount Rushmore-like idol, and how hideous the Tesh might be. We are invited to witness the Doctor being sacrificed to the flesh-eating Horda and, later, watch he and Leela squirm away from a laser in a scene lifted from *Goldfinger*. But such incidents and bluffs appear bolted on, there to pep up an adventureless concept – each offering promise, each delivering disappointment, each leaving the story as flightless as before their inclusion.

In a format obsessed with folklore and fairytale, *The Face of Evil* struggles to be notable. It wishes to elevate *Doctor Who* from the slime of Wirrn pupae, and the mud and brutality of a Matrix landscape. But succeeding *The Deadly Assassin* with a tale so cold and airless takes commitment and, from its author, care not to fall so heavily for the premise as to leave his characters blank and unbelievable. What do the Sevateem do? Are they farmers? What do they farm? Is Leela the planet's only female? Why, as their village practically buckles under the evidence, and as they are neither primitive nor idiotic enough, have the Sevateem not themselves concluded that they are the descendants of Survey Team 6? How likely is it that, of all the Survey Team's tattered, lifeless technology, Leela's life could be saved by an ancient bio-analyser?

Pity director Pennant Roberts – unlucky doesn't even cover it. Impressively shaping *Survivors* and, later, *Tenko*, he has a success record with *Doctor Who* that reads like Frazer Hines' singing career, accepting scripts like being last in the queue was a deliberate policy. His productions not only come in under budget, but appear to have been prematurely wrapped through their scenery having been irreparably chewed by the actors employed. It's ironic that, having drawn from *The Face of Evil*'s cast more disciplined performances than he'd ever again encounter, the story should ultimately leave the viewer yearning for the energies of Bruce Purchase and Paul Darrow. Merely imagining these as the Sevateem and Tesh leaders respectively suppresses unconsciousness.

As demonstrated with *The Ark*, *The Face of Evil* would have been better told in two distinct phases – so the Doctor, on his return, would discover another giant idol at the close of the second episode. Although structurally a repeat, it would've both taken up the slack and dispensed with the Doctor's cheerful forgetfulness being, for contrived plot purposes only, so grossly extended.

Believing itself special through wishing to discuss theology, *The Face of Evil* is, in script and in realisation, imaginatively underpowered.

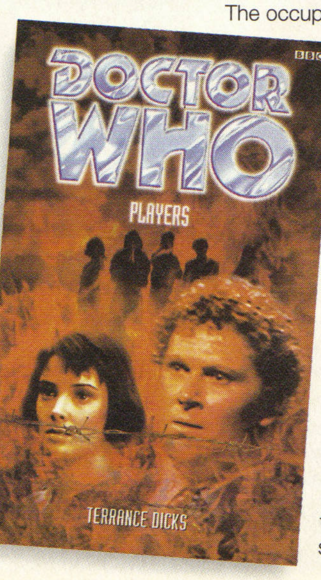
DOCTOR WHO: PLAYERS

Novel BBC Books **Author** Terrance Dicks **Featuring** The Sixth Doctor & Peri **RRP** £4.99 **ISBN** 0 563 55573 4 **Available** Now

Terrance Dicks has made a notable impact on *Doctor Who* in every one of its four decades – so one would imagine that, by now, he should have gone quite mad. Few creatives could sustain a love for a subject for over 30 years without wishing to destroy it. The only Reichenbach Falls situation he has ever pushed the Doctor into is what *Players*, somewhat belatedly, takes pains to revise . . .

Other than a single novelisation, an interlude in his own *The Eight Doctors*, and an afternoon's tinkering with *The Ultimate Adventure* stage play, the Sixth Doctor, to Dicks, is a new quantum, and provides the only evidence that he may have been seeking some freshness. Which isn't, by any means, a criticism. Any attempt to engage the picky adult readership that his seventies students have become with a wholesome, U-rated traditionalism can only succeed if written with a certain degree of frivolity and zest. *Players*, structured around three separate encounters between the Doctor and Winston Churchill, offers us the Boer and Great Wars amongst its scenery. Although, typically with a Terrance, you're three-quarters finished before it occurs to you to wonder whether or not such a buoyant treatment is appropriate.

Terrance, though, has been a clever Dicks. Populating colonial South Africa and history's bloodiest episode with caricatures would only be offensive if he took a chapter out to apologise or preach. *Dad's Army* never required Corporal Jones to ask permission if he could pin, upon the church hall's noticeboard, a picture of Auschwitz atrocities to remind the viewer that this was, illustrated through Britain's last line of defence, a comedy concerning the fight of Nazi oppression. It's unlikely Virgin would have tolerated such a casual approach. The occupied Britain of Dicks' own *Exodus* carries greater weight – but *Exodus* does share with *Players*, as with the aforementioned *Eight Doctors*, a preoccupation with *The War Games*.

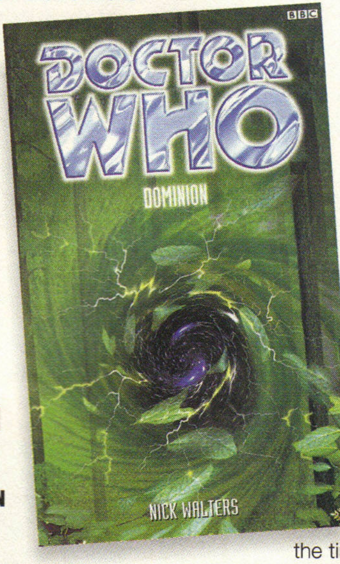


Far be it for me to point out the obvious, but of the many worlds of *Doctor Who*, *The War Games*, running at ten episodes, can hardly be said to be one that's underexplored. Yet while there's a Lucifer to light your fag, Terrance is there, piling on the sequels like the original was a rushed four-parter unceremoniously curtailed. Of course, the Sergeant-Majorly approach would be to call Dicks into my office, bark at him to keep his eyes front and chest out, and demand an explanation as to why he keeps pulling the same sodding rabbit from different Jerry helmets. Escaping punishment, the cheeky blighter succeeds in making each repackagement more entertaining than the last.

When *War Games*-ing, Dicks, naturally enough, switches to the Second Doctor. He achieves this via the reappearance of *The Wheel in Space*'s funky thought scanner. What Peri witnesses on this, however, is no mere repeat but an ingenious reworking of the final few moments of the Doctor's trial. True, it didn't seem to matter much back then; one minute the Doctor's rejecting poorly-drawn faces, the next he's gurning and spinning within a giant screen. But now things are different. Such oblique moments are socially unacceptable. Yes, it's official – Terrance has turned fanboy. That giddy spinning was no fudged regeneration but the Doctor, clutching a Time Ring, on loan from the courtroom, to revisit the reinstated occupants of 1915.

The menace in *Players*, like *Exodus* again, is the threat of new futures. Monsterless, the ambiguous Players of the title provide its mysteries. A male and female duo, these beings, reluctantly sketched, evoke a bored and rotten Sapphire and Steel. Their purpose is only to play the Game – a game which allows Dicks to invent another one of the jaunty riddles that *The Five Doctors* found itself hinged upon.

Whether it's the naturalness, the familiarity, the directness or even the humility of his writing, Dicks' work conjures up *Doctor Who* from the page like he can't help it. Of late, some of the language has been simpler than his standard novelisations, but the pace, the bold characterisation that distinguishes his style, is winning.



DOCTOR WHO: DOMINION

Novel BBC Books **Author** Nick Walters **Featuring** The Eighth Doctor, Sam & Fitz **RRP** £4.99 **ISBN** 0 563 55574 2 **Available** 10 May

Had there been a script editor of *Doctor Who* in the nineties, they needn't, if stuck for inspiration, have looked far beyond the decade itself. Whether that would be wise poses a question which Nick Walters may, with *Dominion*, have gone some way in answering.

Walters has successfully applied the technique of borrowing and updating. He hides his sources as scantily as *The X Files*. Aptly so, since *The X Files* is the most dominant influence on this novel. Of course, *X Files* episodes are varied; I've seen many, at least five of which were different and, of these, two were actually quite good. But if I wished to emulate them, I would, oddly enough, become reliant on the same components as I would if I'd wanted to ridicule them. *Dominion*, offering a forest, a handful of aliens, a top-secret project and absolutely no irony, has done well in rejecting the pastiche that must have ever threatened to engulf it.

Settling itself between *Doctor Who*'s televised traditionalism and Virgin's strivance for complexity, there lies the dangerous desire to please all of the people all of the time. Walters' aliens, although latex at heart, convey, through the author's detailed description, the sharp image of computer graphics; and whilst still displaying characteristic xenophobia towards the extra-terrestrial, his recast UNIT is equally alien, served by crueller men – killers actually capable of hitting their target.

Opting for a 1999 Swedish setting, Walters opens his first, full-length *Doctor Who* novel with the clear linear quality that currently seems indicative of the Eighth Doctor range. If there can be such an incident, then we begin with what appears to be a routine alien invasion, its more sinister implications harboured until a number of individuals, including Sam, suddenly go missing. Enter the Doctor and Fitz as Mulder and Mulder.

This isn't a partnership of dogged sobriety and barely audible mumbles, however. As briefly witnessed in *Demontage*, minus the stroppy Miss Jones, the Doctor and Fitz make quite a double-act. Granted, together they can often reach levels of hopelessness unbecoming a Time Lord – inspiring, as heroes, as much confidence as the Second Doctor and Jamie would as TV repair men – but the pay-off is valued. The blind panic that ensues as the TARDIS melts into something resembling the works of Salvador Dali displays, in particular, elements of *The Mind Robber*'s initial comic madness.

Frenetically paced, *Dominion* distances itself from *The X Files* by containing more incident than office talk, and the author also apparently rejects its obsessive elusiveness in favour of welcome clarity. Which suffices admirably until the book's last quarter, set mostly in an alien environment designed with the sumptuous colour and ostentatious creativity of a *Changing Rooms* special. Here, presented with an inordinate number of alien species, a chart, not an explanation, is needed. Everything, undeniably, is presented by the author, but it is the sheer amount of detail, coupled with the facts of a turbulent alien civil war, which baffles. By the time the narrative had thinned out, my head was left in a state similar to that produced by watching an entire episode of *Inside the Spaceship* in Arabic.

Ultimately, once discipline returns, *Dominion* concludes soundly and comprehensively – and, as such, betters much of the series it apes.

DOCTOR WHO: MILLENNIUM SHOCK

Novel BBC Books **Author** Justin Richards **Featuring** The Fourth Doctor & Harry **RRP** £4.99 **ISBN** 0 563 55586 6 **Available** 24 May

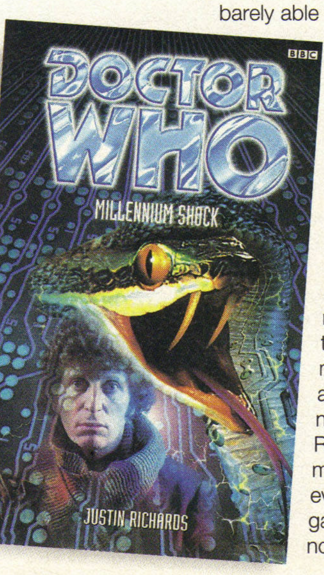
It was with the bemused expression that can only be gained from studying a clumsily-translated video recorder manual that I laid *Millennium Shock* to rest. Beaten back, for two-thirds of its length, by a tirade of technobabble, it was not to technophobia I submitted, but pure exhaustion. For, in sequelling *System Shock*, Justin Richards has allowed his reader only limited access to the promising narrative thread that lies, thickly smothered, beneath his stifling prose. Although hardly an Information Technology ignoramus, I had barely logged on before it became apparent that I was out of my depth. Richards evidently enjoys plying his computer knowledge; sometimes he barely takes breath, so interrupting his narrative by returning to earlier paragraphs becomes an absolute necessity.

Fortunately, for those who missed the Voracians – an alien amalgam of reptile and computer system – first time round, their return here is conveniently accompanied by much recapping. Now, a year on from the events of their open-ended Virgin *Missing Adventure*, they have both acquired a company, Silver Bullet, and developed a chip capable of sending the world's technology into mayhem on 1 January 2000. To give Richards his due, the impending terror is chillingly conveyed – and if I am to thank him for anything, it is for the in-depth article feature (credited to Sarah Jane Smith) explaining and exploring the full implications of the Millennium Bug. Had this interlude been an apocalyptically-narrated documentary, sleepless nights would have been guaranteed.

It's in the dialogue that the dark, political thriller this book strives to be works best. Away from the computer (and, later, military) jargon, *Millennium Shock* builds a tension which acquires the claustrophobic, sinister futility of the TV thriller *Edge of Darkness*. The Fourth Doctor, playing an action-adventurer, recalls his *Seeds of Doom* persona, disguising himself, driving cars, listening at doors and playing at secret agents. Contrasting deeply is Mike Foley, stereotypically CIA. Permanently strapped into sunglasses and with a sieve-like memory for English names, he handles a car as if deliberately aiming at dustbins.

Richards plays the Voracian scheme as a game, leaving the reader to guess between those who are trustworthy – adding, here and there, an element of surprise. His style relaxes midway, exchanging heavy-going prose for more engaging narrative, but lapses frequently into its former language problems, in which atmosphere and plot are drowned.

In sharp contrast to the tongue-in-cheek irreverence of Richards' recent Eighth Doctor tale *Demontage*, *Millennium Shock* offers little scope for humour. What there is, is borrowed – such as Harry Sullivan's ageing buffoonery and the irritation the Doctor suffers through not being able to slap him. There's a charm in these passages that raises a smile, although it does cause one to question Harry's high position at MI5; how, when the Doctor regards him as barely able to walk in a straight line, has he acquired such responsibility?



Ultimately, *Millennium Shock* evolves into a big-budget action thriller *à la* Tom Clancy. A film production, which would require no less than Harrison Ford in the Sullivan role, would exist purely for the benefit of displaying flickering computer rooms, special effects and military hardware, with a few moments of human drama adding little of the substance needed to make it memorable. Richards' writing here relies so much on the visuals it wants to evoke that *Millennium Shock* gains little momentum as a novel. DWM

A captive audience

In addition to scripting *The Invasion of Time* and *The Horns of Nimon*, Anthony Read was script editor for *Doctor Who*'s 16th season. Even today, his enthusiasm for the series remains undiminished, as Peter Griffiths finds . . .

"When I went for my first writing job with the BBC, they were filming the first episode of *Doctor Who* the day of my interview," remembers Anthony Read. "I was then directing or producing various things at the BBC for most of the time it was playing. *Doctor Who* was always a presence, and some of the original writers and crew were friends – people like John Lucarotti, who was one of my very best friends, Tony Coburn and Verity Lambert. Verity and I were producers around the same time – she pipped me to the post as the youngest-ever drama producer at the BBC to that time. She got *Doctor Who*, and a couple of years later I became producer of *The Troubleshooters*, which ran for seven series."

Anthony had started out a budding thespian, attending the Central School of Speech and Drama. Realising that an actor's life was not for him, he did National Service before taking a job as an advertising copywriter, eventually settling on television production as his chosen career. He wrote for series such as *Police Surgeon*, the progenitor of *The Avengers*, joining the BBC in 1963 as a script-writer/adapter on *Detective*. It seems remarkable that Tony should have had an ongoing association with the people involved in *Doctor Who*, yet it took until 1977 for the series to cross his path directly. "Well, I was pretty busy on other things most of the time. Also, I was not on staff at the BBC – I was just on one six-month contract after another. I worked for the Corporation for three months as a writer, then stayed for ten years as a producer. After that I got under the wire and escaped, and thought I was out for good.

"I think it was Graeme McDonald, the Head of Series and Serials, who called me in 1977 and asked if I'd thought of coming back. 'No no no,' I said. 'I've escaped, I'm out, I'm happy.' I didn't want to produce, as I'd done that, albeit more or less by accident. 'What about scripts?' he asked, but it would have been difficult to return to the BBC as a story editor, having been a senior producer and my own editor for 10 years. Then Graeme said the magic words: 'What about *Doctor Who* . . .' I said, 'Ah, ah, wait a minute. Can I come back for just one series?' I was told that one series would be a bit difficult because of all the back-story and background one had to digest, so I suggested coming back and working myself in, taking over from Bob Holmes during the current series. I could then do one whole series after that, and be off.

"So that's what I did. I went back: *a*, because it was *Doctor Who* and I couldn't resist; and *b*, to give a helping hand to Graham Williams, the producer. I knew he was a nice lad. He'd worked for me as an ASM [assistant stage manager] on *The Troubleshooters*, where I'd helped give him his first start, training him as a story editor and script editor. It just sounded like good fun, and it was."

Tony arrived to find *Doctor Who*'s 15th season in full swing. "The season I inherited from Bob Holmes was pretty well up and running. He'd got it into decent shape. In fact, the lighthouse story [*Horror of Fang Rock*] was in studio at Pebble Mill the day I arrived . . . In my mind's eye, it seems like I overlapped with Bob for quite a while, but it couldn't have been more than a month.

"The two of us talked about *Doctor Who*, obviously, but I was pretty well up on what the series needed. In those days, of course, one couldn't get video cassettes out and look at them, and viewings were very difficult to arrange. We did on isolated occasions, though – I remember we watched *The Deadly Assassin* before writing *The Invasion of Time*. I did quite a bit of research early on, to bone up on Gallifrey and that sort of background. I was very much aware that if you went out on a limb and got it wrong, you'd have the *Doctor Who* Appreciation Society down on you pretty fast. We were always mindful of the Society, though it could be a bit of a nuisance at times."

Graham Williams himself was new to the series. "I think he was still a bit nervous about it all – it was a big thing to be dropped into *Doctor Who* like that. But Graham wasn't the sort of guy to sit back – he dived in and did it. We worked together very happily and shared a philosophy for the series. The instructions on toning-down the violence that had been given to Graham were communicated to me, but that fell in with my own point of view, because I thought *Doctor Who* had become too heavy."

The first scripts into which Tony had input were *The Sun Makers*, written by the outgoing script editor, and Chris Boucher's *Image of the Fendahl*. "I was quite heavily involved with the *Fendahl* script. There were a few headaches with making it work – we had to work on the general structure and the special effects requirements. As for Bob's story, his civil service dig was quite subtle in some ways. A lot of the stories seemed to be about attacking systems, wherever they were. I don't think the series began that way, but as it went on and they explored the format, they realised what could be done with it. Many of our stories worked, I hope, on two or three levels – that's one of the reasons *Doctor Who* was worth going back to the BBC for. Graham and I had both come up through the scripting side of things, as storytellers, so that's what we concentrated on."

Scriptwriter Chris Boucher had just been recruited as the story editor for *Blake's 7*, which was about to debut on BBC1. Tony laughs when I suggest that this new sci-fi saga may have been a thorn in his side. "It was, sometimes. We were always aware of *Blake's 7* going out at the same time, and there were worries that we might occasionally tread on similar ground. I think that may subconsciously have pushed us a little more towards the humour and fantasy, just to make sure we didn't cross over . . ."

The first story for which Tony was fully responsible was *Underworld*, from the established writing duo of Bob Baker and Dave Martin. His memories of the story revolve around shooting a vast chunk of the material as Colour Separation Overlay [CSO]. "We were so far ahead of our time,

> **"I didn't want to go back to the BBC, but then they said the magic words, 'What about Doctor Who?'"**

BBC [1]

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technically, on that story. We had to rewire the studio – I remember our special effects guy running round ripping up floorboards and things all around Television Centre. It was a hell of an operation, but very exciting to break ground in that way . . . Once we started, the technicians became very excited by it. And I think we did scrape through, just. Mainly, it was a good script from Bob and Dave, taking a twist on a well-known story and paving the way for the Key to Time quest . . ."

The Doctor (Tom Baker) and Andred (Chris Tranchell) ward off the Vardans. *The Invasion of Time*

There were further problems on the season's concluding six-parter, a slot originally earmarked for one of *Doctor Who*'s more famous 'lost' scripts, *The Killer Cats of Geng Singh*. "Even the best writers sometimes have an off-day. *The Killer Cats of Geng Singh* – so named because the writer, David Weir, was becoming really interested in all sorts of Oriental stuff – was a prime example. Dave was a smashing, smashing writer, and had been one of my key people on *The Troubleshooters*. Very organised, a good storyteller, and so I thought, 'Great, I'll bring him in on *Doctor Who*.' But he couldn't get to grips with the series. His script would have worked as a stand-alone drama, but the approach was wrong for *Doctor Who* – perhaps not enough of a balance with the tongue-in-cheek. I have a feeling it was making big technical demands, too. David had gone over-the-top toward the end, and let his imagination run away with him. We might have been able to make it work a few years later."

"Tom Baker was a genius, always bubbling over with thoughts – you couldn't keep him down!"

The script did, however, get remarkably close to production, with locations scouted and initial design sketches completed. "Yeah, it did. It was because the early scripts coming in looked good. In those days we always seemed to run to very much tighter schedules than you do now – everything in television worked that way, not just *Doctor Who*. I remember taking an idea for a series to Michael Peacock, my boss. He looked at the format and said, 'Yeah, I like this. You're on air in six weeks.' I think on *Killer Cats* we got as far as four episodes, reached the famous dog-leg in six-parters that *Doctor Who* writers talk about, and realised we had real problems. Up until that point I still thought that we could make it work. There just came that point where we realised it was time to let go."

Tony also recalls a lost story from later on in his tenure as script editor; contemporary paperwork identifies it as *The Lords of Misrule*. "We desperately tried to get a script from a writer called Ted Lewis, who'd written very good thriller novels such as *Get Carter*. I had this idea that it would be nice to do a Robin Hood story where Robin was the baddie, taking the usual story about outlaws and turning it on its head. But it just didn't work – it was perhaps too sophisticated a concept for *Doctor Who*. Ted didn't know the series or writing for television that well, and I think I sold him a bum steer anyway. In the end I had to pay him off and that was it. It was a very special, peculiar flavour, *Doctor Who* – you either can do it or you can't. It didn't mean David or Ted were poorer writers for not being able to do it, it's just horses for courses."

The Invasion of Time was the very hasty replacement concocted by the script editor and his producer to close Season Fifteen. Tony tells the story: "Originally it was meant to be written just by me. You couldn't ask an outside writer to come in at that point, because we already had half the locations booked and had to work around them. I sketched some story out, with Graham Williams coming in on that, and then I went home and wrote the scripts. Every day the Beeb would send a messenger to collect what I'd done, and Graham would then act as script editor. His contribution became greater because of the time restrictions we faced.

"We sat down and decided the story should be set on Gallifrey, simple as that. We knew it had been set up the previous year, and felt we could go a bit deeper into it. We were very much aware that there had been big changes in *The Deadly Assassin*, and so it wouldn't do any harm to consolidate things. It also gave us big sets like the Panopticon to work in, thus good set pieces." Plus the opportunity to reuse a lot of stock costumes? "That wasn't just a question of money. There was a real urgency – there wasn't time to design and make new sets and costumes. It was that late. Same with bringing in the Sontarans. One costume already existed, there were no problems with copyright on the creatures, so why not?"

Tony is adamant he would never have normally considered commissioning himself to write for the series. "Certainly not as a matter of course. There wasn't time, and there was also the ethical question. I was chairman of the Television and Film Committee a year later, and went on to be chairman of the [Writers'] Guild, so I was very aware of the problems and bad feeling caused by down-the-corridor commissioning. This was one of the reasons [the pseudonym] 'David Agnew' came into being. Graeme McDonald suggested it rather than saying straight out that the script for *The Invasion of Time* was written by the script editor and producer. That was an emergency situation, so you could accept the need from time to time on series like *Doctor Who*."

In the catacombs of death? *The Ribos Operation*

There was no rest for the weary. With *The Invasion of Time* in the can, and a surprising success in light of its writing and production hassles, Tony and Graham forged straight on with preparations for the new season. One of their first jobs was drafting a new companion to replace Louise Jameson's popular Leela. "Graham had been trying to get Louise to stay, that's true. Her leaving scene was written very much on the hoof, but I actually think that in the end it worked all right. It fitted the character to finally have a love interest and some emotion, and isn't that what love is – being struck by a thunderbolt? Graham already had ideas about what he wanted for the new companion, and we agreed it was best to go with someone completely different to Leela. It was nice to create someone glamorous like Romana, I must say, and very nice to be in on the casting process! Mary Tamm was conspicuously the best of the people we saw."

The format for Season Sixteen, developed in discussion between Graham Williams and his script editor, was a real departure for *Doctor Who*. "I had the thought that the new series should be linked in some way. Graham had been having very similar thoughts, so between the two of us we hammered out the Key to Time idea. Graham

BBC [1] BBC Video [3]

had produced an earlier document, and I think the idea of the Key itself might have been his. We then came up with the other paraphernalia, the Tracer and all that. We were a little worried that people may not stay with the concept, but it was a fairly loose format, and good discipline for the writers, too. It's good to sometimes have parameters to work within."

Tony assembled a small group of reliable writers, including Robert Holmes, David Fisher, and Bob Baker and Dave Martin. "It was much easier to work with a relatively small team, all of whom knew the score and were practiced at their game. They were a smashing group, and pretty much hand-picked by me. I convened a round table meeting at the beginning where we laid out the field, and pointed out that a themed series would be revolutionary in *Doctor Who* terms. As David Fisher and Douglas Adams were new to the series, it gave them something of an introduction to the series as well."

Robert Holmes was slated to write two scripts for the season from the outset. I wondered if the mark he had left on *Doctor Who* was perhaps indelible? "The odd friendly phone call flew about the place, but *Doctor Who* was my series by then. It had to be. I guess the spectre of Bob Holmes did loom over us, but that's not a bad shade to have hanging around. We commissioned him because he was simply a very good writer – his stories worked as pieces of drama. The structure was always good, with fun and a good dollop of imagination. I remember we were looking for something that would challenge Bob with *The Power of Kroll*. You had to make the commission worth his while intellectually, something he could get his teeth into, and I thought if anyone could do the biggest monster ever seen on *Doctor Who*, Bob could!"

Before the capers of Kroll, however, came Holmes' low-key season opener, *The Ribos Operation*. "It was quiet, though I don't think that was conscious. It just happened, as indeed did most of the series. I remember Graham and I wrote the initial White Guardian material in-house – the colonial overlord was how we saw the concept, and it was quite stylish and a touch tongue-in-cheek. What most sticks in my mind, funnily enough, is the very dark and wintry visual feel of the story. The script had that very strong flavour to it . . ."

The *Zenda* civilization as we know it: crowning Reynart (Neville Jason) in *The Androids of Tara*

The blitz of the world: the Doctor and Merak (Ian Saynor) bunker down in *The Armageddon Factor*

"Even the best writers sometimes have an off-day. The Killer Cats of Geng Singh was a prime example . . ."

After a smooth start, Tony ran into hassles with the season's second story, *The Pirate Planet*. "The script was by Douglas Adams, who I'd brought in on the strength of seeing the scripts for *Hitch-Hikers' Guide*, before it was made. He came up with the most wonderful concepts, most of them completely undoable – we probably chucked out as many again as made it into the final scripts. The structure was absolutely hopeless, all over the place, but I knew if I could find a way to channel these ideas and just get a first draft, we'd be on a winner.

"Now, the Head of Series and Serials was always executive producer, looking at the scripts and making comments, and on the whole Graeme McDonald was very supportive. The one royal run-in I had with him was over *The Pirate Planet*. Graham Williams had broken his leg, so I was taking care of things, and Graeme called me in, terrified by this new script. He took one look at the first draft and said, 'You can't do this! It's impossible!' I sat him down and promised it would be okay, and luckily the director, Pennant Roberts, was already around. Pennant had assured me he could shoot it, so I hammered away at Graeme. 'Calm down,' I said, 'Trust me!' Eventually he grumbled, 'Well, your heads are on the block!' Of course, I thought the story turned out as a triumph, absolutely wonderful."

What was it that dictated persevering with *The Pirate Planet* while something like *The Killer Cats of Geng Singh* fell by the wayside? "Hmmm. The ethos was wrong on *Killer Cats*, whereas I knew I could make *Pirate Planet* a good *Doctor Who* story. Douglas desperately needed an editor, always did, and the crazy thing was that he took over as script editor when I left! At that stage in his development, it probably did him a world of good!"

Next up was David Fisher's first contribution to the series. "What I remember most about *The Stones of Blood* is the fairly hilarious thought of a stone getting up and walking. When we were first talking about it with David, there was much talk over whether that would be believable, even in *Doctor Who* terms. I think we did get away with it – the story worked, and was quite popular." It was also the 100th *Doctor Who* story aired – and there was, of course, a certain scene involving a birthday cake scene concocted in rehearsals decisively stamped on by the script editor . . . "Tom Baker was a genius!" laughs Tony. "He was bubbling over with little things and thoughts – you couldn't keep him down. These ideas mainly manifested themselves in rehearsals, which I ducked into and out of all the time, or the pub – Tom didn't come into the office all that much. You'd see people around at lunchtime and in the evenings, so you always knew what was going on, and most of the line changes were reported back by the floor manager before they happened. Sometimes Tom's ideas were good, and sometimes they weren't. Depending on how happy he was, you could say, 'Oh Tom, shut up.' He was the definitive Doctor Who. He *was* Doctor Who – all the time, actually."

With the loss of Ted Lewis' Robin Hood script, destined for the fourth slot in the season, Tony turned again to David Fisher, who became one of the handful of writers in the series' history to write consecutive scripts. The result was *The Androids of Tara*. "David was something of a kindred soul – I went on to write eight books with him. He'd done one story and successfully got the feel of the series, so we basically said carry on. I seem to remember the *Prisoner of Zenda* idea came from us – we wanted something in the same folk tale mould as Robin Hood, and thought it would be fun to, again, take a well-known story and make it *Doctor Who* . . ." I speculate that there's a thin line between pastiche and rip-off. "You've got to be very careful, undoubtedly. You've got to see the material in terms of homage to a great story, and to make that distinction in the writing. We were all utterly thrilled with the production. Mike Hayes was always a very stylish director – he'd actually done the first episode of *Troubleshooters* for me . . ."

The final story of the season was *The Armageddon Factor*, a six-part story charged with wrapping up the Doctor and Romana's epic quest to restore balance to the universe. Did Tony and Graham Williams know the ending when they'd sat down so many months before to map out the Key to Time? "I don't think we did. It crept up on us as we worked, and we kind-of made it up as we went along. We were certainly conscious of it having to be a big deal, so we tossed a few ideas around and discussed it, and felt we needed something a bit clever rather than spectacular. We'd discussed the Guardians during set-up, looking at them almost with a scientific sense as Yin and Yang. My memory is that we didn't come to the idea of the Black Guardian masquerading as the White until fairly late on – that was the clever twist we were after."

Having honoured his contract to oversee one whole season of *Doctor Who*, Tony was on his way out. "I'd enjoyed myself immensely, but I was happy enough when the time came to be off. Graham Williams asked me to stay a few times, little hints along the lines of, 'How about it? You're enjoying it and it's all going well.' Then Graeme McDonald came into my office one day and said, 'Tony, your contract is coming to an end shortly.' 'Yes,' I said, 'I know.' 'Can we talk about it?' he asked. I knew what he was trying to do – he wanted me to stay with the BBC, if not *Doctor Who*. 'I've got lots of interesting things coming up,' he said. Well, so had I – I'd just signed up to write a book. 'Can I be cheeky and ask you how much they're paying you?' asked Graeme. I told him and he said, 'Oh. Congratulations. Keep in touch!' I walked out with a grin on my face.

"I wasn't responsible for any of the setting-up of the next series, but by this time Douglas Adams had joined the team as my replacement. He didn't trail me at all, as I recall – he didn't come in until after I'd gone. Douglas may not have been that hot on the structuring of scripts, but I'm sure the thinking was that Graham Williams had plenty of experience and could work on that. What they thought they might get with Douglas were some of those marvellous ideas we'd had to throw out. I did watch the next series when it went out, and it seemed that they succeeded pretty well . . ."

Tony had only been away from the series for a few months when he pitched a script to his replacement. This was *The Horns of Nimon*. "I didn't feel burned out at all – I'd enjoyed my time on *Doctor Who*, and I felt very much in tune with everything." Tony's basic idea had been to do a reworking on the Minotaur myth: "I thought it would be fun to put a *Doctor Who* spin on things. From *Underworld* and *The Androids of Tara*, I knew this was something that could work and did work, and gave you more levels to work on. My head doesn't work particularly in a mythological way, but it's nice to give viewers a place to start from, a short cut to understanding where you're coming from. I knew all about the Minotaur, the Minoan side of things, so there was no worry on that score. The myth also involved a monster, albeit a half-human monster, which fitted very well into the *Doctor Who* ethos."

It's intriguing that Tony should include a race of monsters in his own script when so few appeared during his time as script editor. He agrees. "We had quite deliberately during my editorship aimed for stories that could stand without being propped up by a monster, as it were. Graham and I wanted to prove it could be done, and have a bit of a breather from the monsters – thus our agreement to give the Daleks a rest. Having done that, we could afford to relax and go for variety. I don't remember being terribly disappointed with the Nimon on-screen, but I haven't seen the story for a very long time. Things might be different if I got a chance to look at it again!"

Knowing that *The Horns of Nimon* is not held in massively high regard by many fans, I ask Tony if the finished product reflected his vision for the story? "In general. The only problem I really had with it – and I don't know if the problem lay with Kenny [McBain, director], if he didn't officiate or whatever – was that I'd written the Nimon complex as being a printed circuit. If you look at the plan of a labyrinth, it looks very much like a printed circuit. The place was meant to be a giant transmitter, but you only realized this when you saw it from above. More should have been made of that, but the technological side of things was played down rather more than I would have liked. Still, that's a minor niggle. Sometimes other people just don't appreciate your bright ideas!"

Much of the production has quite a light feel to it, mostly due to Graham Crowden's 'big' performance as Soldeed. Tony laughs at my judicious choice of words. "Graham Crowden is always over-the-top! You know what you're going to get when you cast him – it's one of the delights of working with him. I think he was perhaps allowed to go too far, but Soldeed was always going to be a fairly 'big' performance, and Tom needed a worthy opponent to stand up to him in dramatic terms. The humour was very much in the script – the whole concept was quite tongue-in-cheek – but I do think maybe they didn't make enough of the darker moments, the tension."

With a year on the production team and a freelance script on his CV, Tony disappeared from the *Doctor Who* scene, off to work on television series such as *Hammer House of Horror*, *One by One* and the *Chocky* trilogy – and write books for fees that would make Graeme McDonald wince. "*Doctor Who* was a challenge in all sorts of ways," he says now. "I really enjoyed myself because it was a new direction for me personally. Okay, it was a step back in terms of job description, but that was fine. It was a different time for television, too. You were very much more flexible in what you did, working very much faster and closer to the time. You didn't have the luxury of sitting back and reviewing the series at great length. I had an absolute ball." DWM

"A lot of the stories seemed to be about attacking systems and worked, I hope, on two or three levels"

Soldeed (Graham Crowden) menaces Romana (Lalla Ward) and the young Aneths sent as a tribute to *The Horns of Nimon*

Sontarans hit the Gallifrey decks in *The Invasion of Time*

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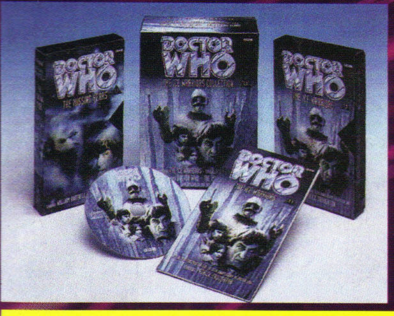

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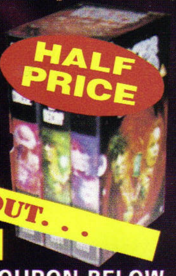

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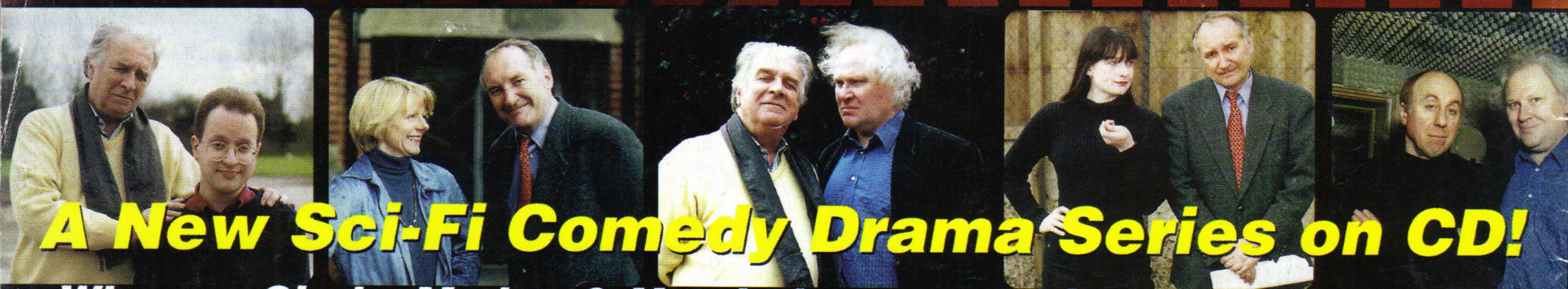

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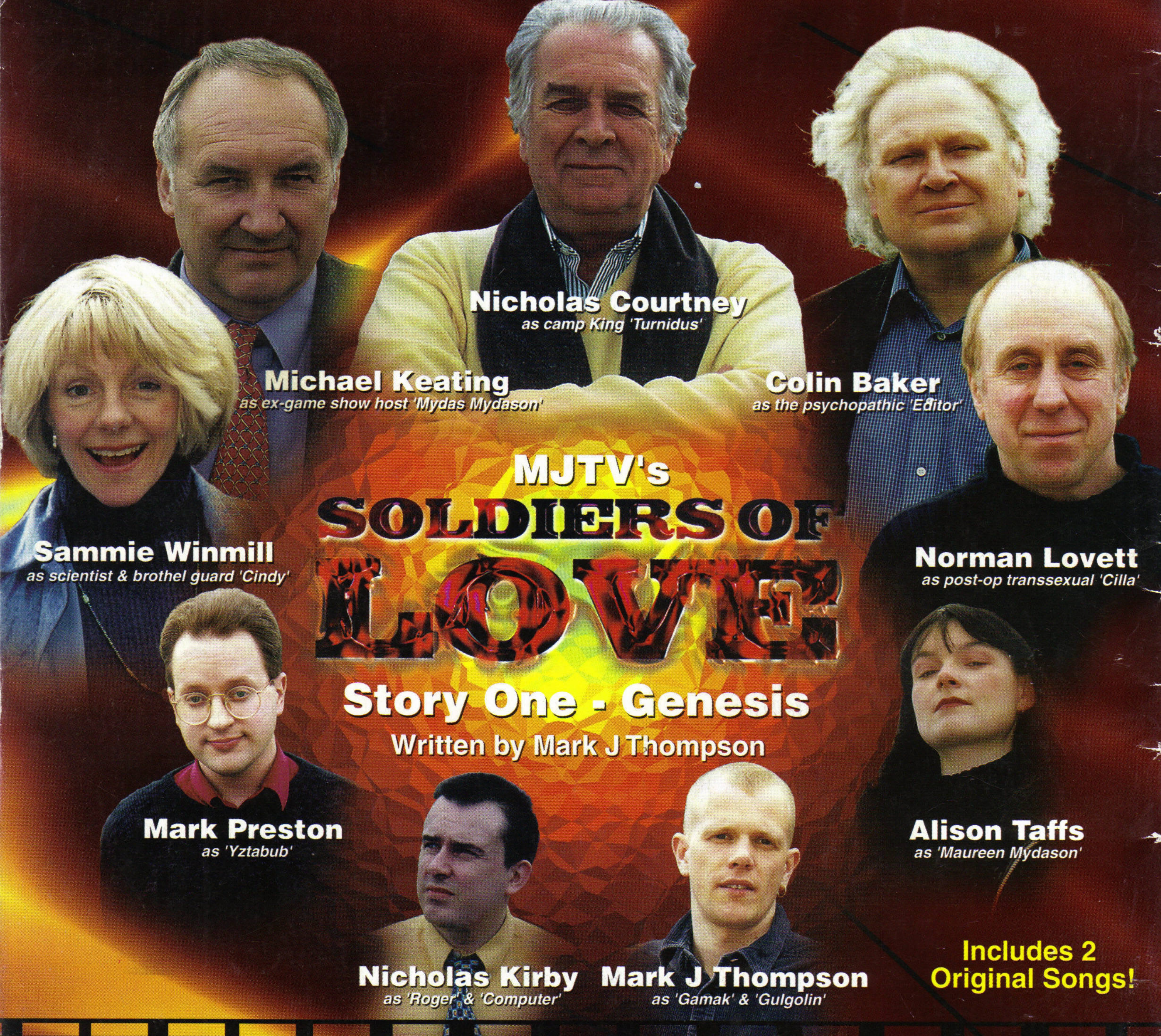
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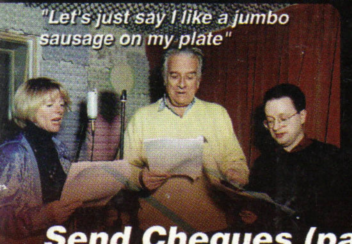
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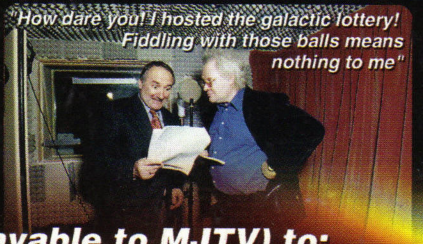
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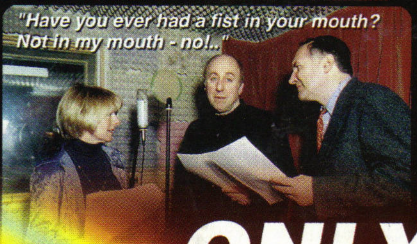
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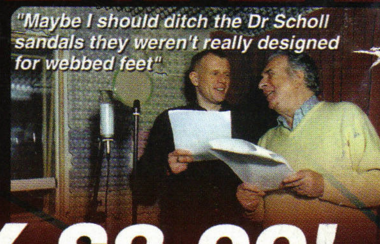
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